

ALL
ORIGINAL

GIANT TERROR-SUSPENSE ANNUAL!

NIGHTMARE
1972
ANNUAL

NIGHTMARE ANNUAL

A SKYWALD PUBLICATION

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1972
75¢

THE DAY THE
EARTH WILL
DIE!

FIEND
OF
HORROR!

LIMB
FROM
LIMB
FROM
DEATH!



-featuring
ALL-ORIGINAL
**FRIGHT
FANTASIES!**

HAVING READ THE BLACK ORIGIN OF **DRACULA** IN THE **PSYCHO ANNUAL**, NOW ON SALE... YOU MAY NOW WANT TO KNOW OF THE **VAMPIRESS**... HAS THERE EVER BEEN SUCH A **WOMAN**?

HOLLYWOOD HAS PORTRAYED HER OFTEN... AS HAVE MANY AUTHORS OF THE MACABRE... AS BEING **UNHOLY, RUTHLESS, WITHOUT MERCY**-- AS A SUB-HUMAN ENTITY WHOSE LIFE-FORCE IS SUSTAINED ONLY BY HER LUSTING VICTIM AFTER VICTIM... SUFFERING THEIR **BLOOD** TO BECOME AS **ONE** WITH **HERS**...

HAS THERE EVER **LIVED** SUCH A **WOMAN**? THE ANSWER IS **YES**... AS YOU'LL SEE IN...

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE MYTH OF THE BRIDE OF DRACULA

THE **TRUTH** OF THE MATTER IS FOUND IN 16TH CENTURY **HUNGARY** WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE **CASTLE CSEJTHE**...
... IN THE PERSON OF THE **COUNTESS ELIZABETH BATHORY**... AN EVIL AND BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO SURROUNDED HERSELF WITH THE STRANGEST OF COMPANIONS
... **THORKO THE SORCEROR**...
... **DARVULA THE FOREST WITCH**...
... **UJURAVY THE ALCHEMIST**...



SHE WOULD BRUTALLY MURDER THE GIRLS THEN BATHE IN THE **BLOOD** OF THREE OR FOUR VICTIMS...
...OFTEN IT WAS SAID SHE WOULD FIRST **DRINK** IT AS ONE WOULD DRINK WINE... TO **EXCESS**... 'TILL SHE WAS DRUNK WITH **LUNACY**!



SHE WAS OBSESSED BY PASSIONS WHICH COULD BE SATISFIED ONLY BY **GROTESQUE TORTURES**... WHICH SHE WOULD INFLICT ON INNOCENT GIRLS SHE ABDUCTED ON DARK MOONLESS NIGHTS WHEN SHE WOULD ROAM THE COUNTRYSIDE WITH HER COMPANIONS...



IN 1610 THE COUNTESS BATHORY WAS TRIED FOR HER CRIMES AND WAS PUNISHED BY BEING WALLED UP **ALIVE** IN HER OWN DUNGEONS... SURROUNDED BY THE **CORPSES** OF HER VICTIMS...
...**MACABRE... BUT TRUE**... HARDLY THE '**BRIDE OF DRACULA**' AS WE'VE COME TO IMAGINE HER... BUT CERTAINLY THE REFERENCE FOR MANY A WEIRD-TALE WRITER WHO SAW IN HER-- THE **FIRST FEMALE** OF THE **BLOOD-LUST** KNOWN AS **VAMPIRISM**!

HENNETSON AND XIRINILUS



PABLO
MARCO

STAY HERE...

FLIP THRU THE CONTENTS IF YOU WILL
BUT **READ** THESE FRIGHTENING BLURBS
THAT TELL YOU OF WHAT ARCHAIC BEINGS,
BEASTS AND ABOMINATIONS **LIVE** WITHIN
THIS **ALL ORIGINAL** FIRST INDULGENCE
INTO THE MAD-EMOTIONAL **HORROR-
MOOD...**

...THE NIGHTMARE ANNUAL

#1 1972

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ALAN HEWETSON - Editor
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NOW... OPEN UP
YOUR EYES AND
COME INTO THIS
ISSUE KNOWING WHAT
MADNESS WE OFFER
YOU...

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...ON **4...** THE STRANGE CASE OF **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**
JUST AS IT WAS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN... **FEARFULLY...**

ON **15...** A **MACABRE FACT OF LIFE...** TEACHES YOU THE AWFUL
SECRETS BEHIND **THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK...**

ON **17...** **BEAUTY IS ONLY BLOOD DEEP...** AND LURKING
UNDER A SATIN SKIN SOFT TO YOUR **HORROR-TOUCH...**

ON **26...** THE GOOD DOCTOR-CANNIBAL TEASES YOUR PALATE IN
LIMB FROM LIMB FROM DEATH...

ON **33...** THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF MACABRE DREAMS THAT YOU
WILL WRITE: ...**'IN A GRAVE BENEATH THE SEA'...**

ON **38...** LISTEN TO THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE... THEY REEK
OF **UTTER-INNER EMOTION...** WHEN YOU ARE: **ALONE...**

ON **51...** **AND IF A FIEND SHOULD COME A'CALLIN'...** YOU'D
BETTER KNOW EXACTLY WHERE YOUR **BRAIN IS AT...**

ON **57...** OUR COVER TALE (COVER ART BY **FERNANDO**) THAT'S
DESTINED TO ROCK THE HALLOWED HALLS OF ARCHAIC, OLD
MOVIE HOUSES: ...**'THE DAY THE EARTH WILL DIE'...**

NOW... THERE IS NO MORE TO READ **HERE...** THE BLURBS ARE
OVER... **FINISHED...** THERE IS NAUGHT TO DO NOW BUT **TURN
THE PAGE** AND LEAP INTO THE **HORROR-MOOD...**

THE STRANGE CASE OF

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

ADAPTED BY HEWETSON AND XIRINIUS FROM THE R. L. STEVENSON CLASSIC TALE OF THE MACABRE

THE YEAR WAS WRITTEN AS 1886; THE LOCALE AS LONDON, ENGLAND; THE SETTING-- A SEEDY **SIDE-STREET** IN THE OLD SOHO DISTRICT; THE SCENE-- WELL REPORTED IN THE **LONDON TIMES** OF THE DAY---



HERE WALKS A MAN NAMED **EDWARD HYDE**.---



---HERE A **CHILD** WHO NEEDS NO SUCH FANCY TITLE TO WALK BY-- '**INNOCENT**' WILL SUFFICE---



---AND INNOCENTLY ENOUGH--THE CHILD RUNS INTO EDWARD HYDE AS THEY **MEET** AT THE **CORNER**---



---THE MAN CALLED HYDE UNMERCIFULLY *BEATS* THE INNOCENT CHILD TO A *BLOODY LIVING PULP*--FOR SUCH IS HIS '*CHARACTER*'--

--HIS '*CHARACTER*' IS WHAT THIS MACABRE STORY IS *ALL ABOUT*...

... *AND SO STARTS OUR TALE*...



THEAT

**FILTHY
CHILD!**

--RUN THE STREETS
THIS TIME OF NIGHT AND
EXPECT
TO BE PUNISHED!

IF YOUR PARENTS
HAVE NOT THE COURAGE
TO WHIP YOU... *I DO*...
...*WITHIN AN INCH*
OF YOUR *LIFE!*



THIS MAN IS DR. HENRY JEKYL-- A RESPECTED PHYSICIAN -- A CONSERVATIVE MEMBER OF ENGLAND'S UPPER CRUST...

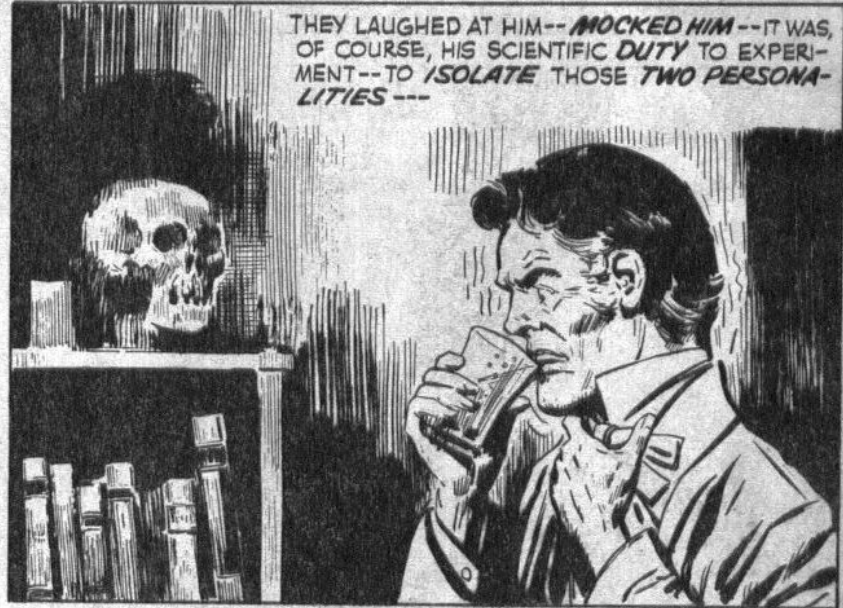


---A THEORY THAT *WITHIN* EVERY MAN IS ANOTHER--AN ALTER EGO HE CALLED IT--A MIND OF OPPOSITE CHARACTER STRUGGLING TO SURFACE ---

DR. JEKYL ANNOUNCED NOT MANY YEARS AGO TO THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS THAT HE HAD A THEORY---



THEY LAUGHED AT HIM-- *MOCKED HIM* --IT WAS, OF COURSE, HIS SCIENTIFIC DUTY TO EXPERIMENT--TO ISOLATE THOSE TWO PERSONALITIES ---



AS JEKYL I CAN DO LITTLE... THE CONCERNS OF A DOCTOR ARE FEW AND MEANINGLESS-- LIMITED TO RESEARCH AND STUDY...

AS HYDE I AM PLEASURE INCARNATE!

EVERY SWEET PERVERSION OF LIFE IS MINE... EVERY TWIST, EVERY SNARL AND LUST OF DESIRE... IS MINE TO CLUTCH AND HOLD...

--FOR SUCH IS THE POWER OF ANONYMITY AND AS EDWARD HYDE I HAVE A PAST AND FUTURE THAT ONLY I CONTROL!

...PAN!...



HIS EXPERIMENTS PROVED DR. HENRY JEKYL A MAN OF GENIUS -- FOR THAT INNER-OTHER PERSONALITY WAS ISOLATED --AND SOMETHING BASE AND FOUL AND EVIL WAS UN-LEASHED-- SOMETHING WITH A MIND AS PERVERTED AS ITS SOUL!

TO DESCRIBE THE CHARACTER OF THIS MR. HYDE IS *NOT* EASY-- IT WILL BE SIMPLER TO *SHOW* YOU... SHOW YOU THE DEPRAVED *DEPTHS* TO WHICH A MAN CAN *SINK*---

---IF YOU DON'T KNOW IT-- *THIS* IS THE *BASEST* OF ALL *DRUGS*-- *OPIUM*-- HYDE *STARTS* HIS EVENINGS BY *TWISTING* HIS MIND THUSLY-- THEN *EXECUTES* THE UNNAMEABLE *FANTASIES* THE BLOWN-MIND *SUGGESTS*...



I WANT THESE WOMEN---



YOU'RE INSANE!

INSANE? THEN LEARN HOW A MAN-INSANE DEFENDS HIS HONOR...

YOUR HONOR... WHY... UGGGGGGGGHHH!



WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY NOW-- SEA BRAGGARD!

WHAAAAAAPPAAAA!



GET 'IM -- HE'S ONLY ONE MAN...

SKIISSSSSSSH!

WHAAAAAAM!



THUS IS EDWARD HYDE EVIL...



IT IS HOURS LATER--PERHAPS DAYS--
WEEKS-- EDWARD HYDE **DOESN'T**
CARE ABOUT TIME!

OH MY HEAD--
WHAT IS HYDE
DOING WITH MY
BEING--I CAN'T
PERMIT HIM
TO...

MY FACE--MY BODY--
IS ONLY HALF HYDE--
HALF MY OWN...

...THE
POWDERS--
THE POWDERS MUST
BE DEFECTIVE...

OH GOD--
GOD--MY HAND--
HYDE'S HAND!

NO--MY GOD NO--

IT'S HYDE'S DOING--
IT'S HYDE-- HE'S
WEAKENING THEM--
POISONING ME...

--HE WANTS **ABSOLUTE CONTROL!**

OH HORRORS--WHAT HAVE
I LET MYSELF **BECOME--**
I NO LONGER CONTROL MY
OWN BODY-- HYDE IS
BECOMING THE MASTER--
HE'S MURDERING
ME!

FATE **TWISTS** AND **BENDS** A MAN--IT'S BEEN KNOWN TO **KILL**-- BUT IT'S NOT SO **KIND** TO THE MAN CALLED JEKYLL-- JEKYLL, IN A WORD, IS **PERSECUTED**!



...AND IT SHOWS!

I'M GOING TO **MEET** THIS MAN HYDE-- **CONFRONT** HIM-- THAT GLUTTONISH BRUTE MUST HAVE SOME **CONTROL** OVER MY FRIEND-- I'M GOING TO FIND OUT EXACTLY **HOW**!



WHAT ABOUT-- I HAVE **NOTHING** TO SAY TO YOU ANYWAY!

BUT I HAVE MUCH TO SAY TO **YOU**-- WHERE IS DR. JEKYLL-- WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE** WITH HIM?



NOTHING THAT CONCERNS **YOU**-- **NOTHING**!



HYDE-- I WANT TO TALK WITH YOU!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF...



...YOUR FACE... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU...





MR. UTTERSON--
WHAT HAS
HAPPENED
TO YOU...

THAT
DECADENT
HYDE...

WHERE IS
YOUR **MASTER**,
POOLE-- WHERE
IS **DR.**
JEKYLL?



HEAVEN ONLY
KNOWS SIR-- ONLY
HEAVEN--OR HELL!
-- I HAVEN'T SEEN
THE DOCTOR
IN **WEEKS!**



HE'S LOCKED
HIMSELF IN HIS
LABORATORY--AND
THERE ARE **SOUNDS**
SIR...

STRANGE
CRIES AND
SCREAMS THAT
COME FROM
WITHIN THOSE
WALLS-- AT
ALL HOURS OF
THE DAY AND
THE NIGHT!

--**SOUNDS?**--



AND I DON'T KNOW HOW HE HAS
HIS **FOOD** SIR-- HE WON'T LET ME
COME IN-- ONLY THAT FIEND
HYDE!

HYDE!

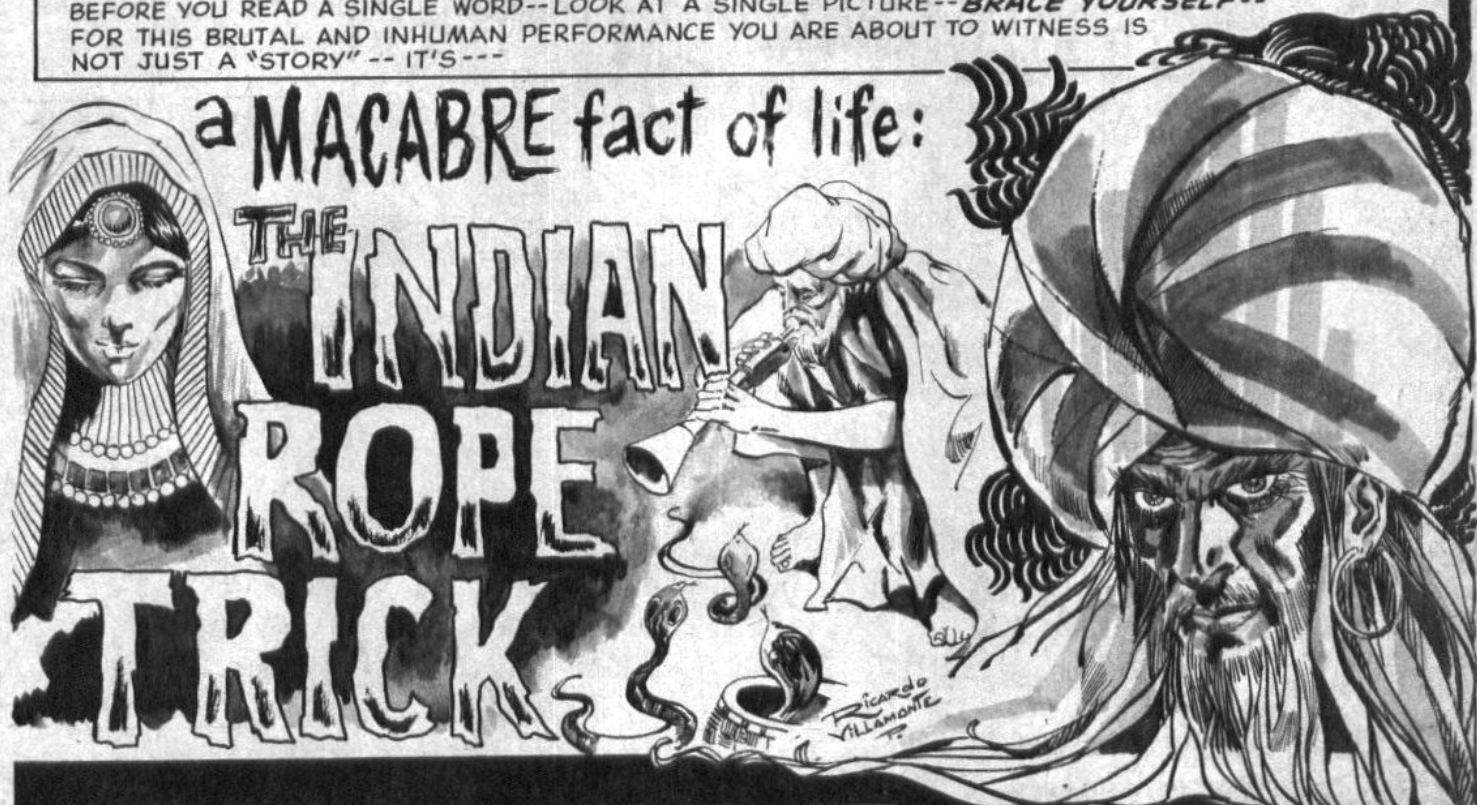


WE'LL SOON
FIND OUT-- I MEAN
TO **BREAK IN**-- AND
FIND OUT WHAT **HYDE**
HAS **DONE** WITH
DR. JEKYLL!



THEY WONDER--HIS FRIEND--HIS SERVANT--THEY WONDER WHY THIS SENSELESS DEATH OF GREAT MAN--BUT NOT LONG... SOON THEY WILL READ THE DARK NOTES OF THE MAN CALLED JEKYLL--AS HE WRITES THE STORY OF A THING CALLED HYDE--THIS STORY ENDS IN A DEATH--THE NEXT--IN A FUTURE ISSUE--STARTS WITH A BIRTH--AS WE REVEAL THOSE LETTERS OF DR. HENRY JEKYLL--IN A MACABRE TALE ONLY A MADMAN WOULD KNOW... AND TELL!

PERHAPS THE WORLD'S MOST **DEPRAVED** PERFORMANCE IS THE FAMOUS **INDIAN ROPE TRICK**-- FEW PEOPLE OF THE WESTERN WORLD HAVE EVER WITNESSED IT -- FEW KNOW HOW IT WORKS OR **WHY**-- NOW **YOU** ARE ABOUT TO LEARN ITS **SECRET**-- BUT BEFORE YOU DO-- WE GIVE YOU **SERIOUS WARNING** BEFORE YOU READ A SINGLE WORD--LOOK AT A SINGLE PICTURE--**BRACE YOURSELF**-- FOR THIS BRUTAL AND INHUMAN PERFORMANCE YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS IS NOT JUST A "STORY" -- IT'S ---



THE PLACE: A HINDU VILLAGE IN SOME REMOTE PROVINCE OF INDIA!

THE TIME: ANY UNFORTUNATE DAY YOU MIGHT WISH TO PICK!

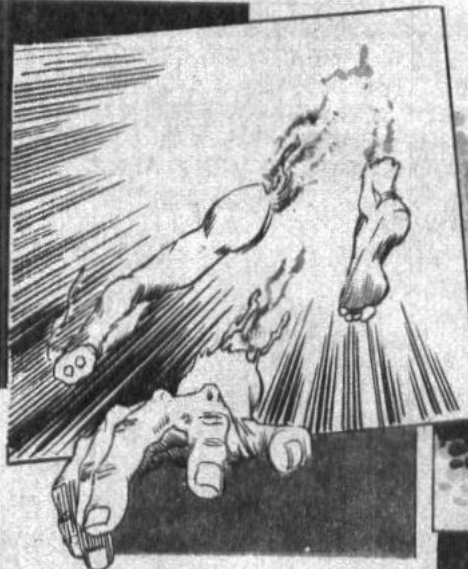
THE SETTING: A TIGHTLY FORMED CIRCLE AROUND A FAKIR!



THE PERMORMANCE: YOU WATCH AS THE MAGICIAN SETS OUT A SMALL BASKET ON THE GROUND-- YOU LISTEN AS HE CHATTERS ENDLESSLY, INCESSANTLY IN COLLOQUIAL HINDUSTANI, EXPLAINING IN MINUTE DETAIL HIS ACTIONS TO THOSE WHOSE EYES ARE RIVITTED UPON HIM. FROM THE BASKET HE TAKES AN INCH-THICK ROPE ABOUT 12-15 FEET LONG--HE FLICKS IT INTO THE AIR WITH HIS HAND--IT BECOMES RIGID AND HARD-- HE PLACES ONE END ON THE GROUND AND THE OTHER IN THE AIR--SUSPENDED BY **ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!** SUDDENLY A YOUNG BOY APPEARS FROM NOWHERE AND CLIMBS THE ROPE--DISAPPEARING INTO A GREY FOREIGN MIST AT ITS SUMMIT---



THEN THE FAKIR HIMSELF CLIMBS THE ROPE AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE STRANGE MIST **ALSO**--



--YOU WATCH, HORRIFIED AS THE BOY'S SEVERED ARM FALLS-- THEN HIS LEG AND HIS HAND AND HIS FOOT---



--- FINALLY THE FAKIR RE-APPEARS CARRYING THE DECAPITATED **HEAD** WHICH HE WAVES BEFORE YOU!

YOU WATCH--LISTEN-- HE GATHERS THE REMAINS AND PACKS THEM INTO A HORRID BUNDLE-- THEN WITH HIS RAZOR SHARP KUKRI DEFILES WHAT IS LEFT OF THE BOY'S REMAINS --HE DRIVES THE SULLEN STEEL SHAFT INTO THE BLOODY HEAP AND YOU **GASP--** GASP FOR AIR-- FOR WHAT YOU AND YOUR COMPANIONS HAVE WITNESSED HAS BEEN BRUTAL--SENSELESS --**EVIL!**



SUDDENLY THE MOOD CHANGES-- THE MAGICIAN WAVES HIS HAND AND THE ROPE COLLAPSES-- THE CLOTH BEGINS TO RISE OF ITS OWN ACCORD-- LARGER, SWELLING LIKE A BALLOON-- TO REVEAL THE SMILING BOY-- UNHARMED AND **ALIVE!**



THE EXPLANATION: ONE MAN IN THE CROWD DID **NOT** SEE WHAT HIS COMPANIONS DID-- INSTEAD HE "SAW" ONLY THE CROWD REACTING STRANGELY TO A FAKIR WAVING HIS ARMS AND SHOUTING--**TELLING** THE CROWD WHAT WAS GOING ON--MASS HYPNOTIZING THEM! THIS IS WHY THIS MAN SAW **NOTHING**-- THE WESTERNER--ONE OF **US**-- FOR WHO AMONG US IS SUCCEPTABLE TO AUTO-SUGGESTION-- IF IT'S MADE IN FLUENT COLLOQUIAL HINDUSTANI?

HOW CAN WE "SEE" -- -- WITHOUT EARS TO **HEAR!**

THE END

IT IS TOO LATE NOW. AND THROUGH A SHIMMERING HAZE OF FROST-RIMED HORROR THE GIRL REALIZES IT, WITH INEXORABLE CONVICTION. LIKE SO MANY OTHERS IN THIS PERIOD OF FRANCE'S ERRATIC AND OFTEN BLOOD-SPATTERED HISTORY, THE UNSPEAKABLE TRAVAILS OF INSURRECTION, COUNTER-INSURRECTION, TERRORIZING, AND THE SWIFT DESCENT OF THE GUILLOTINE HAVE BYPASSED THIS GIRL -- AND SO SHE HAS NEVER RAISED A FALTERING VOICE OF PROTEST AGAINST THE ULTIMATE IN ATROCITIES. BUT NOW SHE IS A VICTIM, OF A DIFFERENT-- YET SIMILAR -- ATROCITY, AND NOW SHE FULLY EMBRACES THE PREGNANT MEANING OF THE WORD **FEAR**. AND WORSE, THE RAZOR-EDGED MEANING OF **PAIN** -- A HORRENDOUS PAIN WHICH SPILLS HER BLOOD, AND HER BEAUTY...

BEAUTY IS ONLY BLOOD DEEP



NO! NOOOOO!
I'VE NEVER DONE
ANYTH-- EEEEEEE!

IT'LL DO
NO GOOD, REALLY, YOU
KNOW. STRUGGLING, THAT IS. NO,
NO GOOD AT ALL. STRUGGLING ONLY
FORCES THE BLADE DEEPER. YES,
DEEPER.. AM I RIGHT, COUNTESSA?
IS YOUR SERVANT NOT
RIGHT?

STILL YOUR
WAGGING TONGUE, MORDE. IT
IS COMMON KNOWLEDGE YOU ARE
A FOOL -- YOU NEED NOT DEMONSTRATE
IT EVERY SECOND OF YOUR MISERABLE
LIFE. SPILL HER BLOOD QUICKLY--IT
IS TIME. MY BEAUTY WANES
WITH THE HOUR.

THE CONTORTIONS OF ANGUISHED PAIN RELAX FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL'S FACE, AND HER FRENZIED KICKING CEASES LONG BEFORE THE LAST OF HER BLOOD IS PUMPED INTO THE EXQUISITELY CARVED BATHTUB. THE DWARF MORDE IS ANXIOUS TO PLEASE HIS MISTRESS, AND FOLLOWS THE USUAL PROCEDURE OF HOISTING THE LIMP CORPSE OVER HIS SAGGING SHOULDER...

THE WHISPERING RUSTLE OF THE ELEGANT ROBE SLIDES OVER THE COUNTESSA'S SKIN--SKIN WHICH IS NO LONGER BLESSED WITH THE CONSISTENCY OF SHEER SATIN, WHICH IS INSTEAD DRYING LIKE AGED PARCHMENT AND BEGINNING TO CRACK LIKE SAME...



LEAVE NOW, MORDE. I WOULD BATHE -- AND HAVE THE BEAUTY WHICH COURSED THROUGH THE GIRL'S BLOOD SEEP INTO MY OWN BODY.

HYEH HYEH, YES, COUNTESSA. NONE THERE IS, NONE, MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN YOU, FAIR MISTRESS..... IF THERE *IS* MORDE *TAKES* THEIR BEAUTY AND GIVES IT TO YOU. I WILL PUT THIS ONE WITH THE OTHERS, COUNTESSA. HAVE A PLEASANT BATH.



I SHALL NOT *LOSE* MY BEAUTY. IN MY YOUTH, MY BEAUTY OBTAINED THIS CASTLE FOR ME, SECURED ME WEALTH, INFLUENCE, POWER. NOW THOSE IN THE NEW REGIME SPURN ME, JUDGE ME OLD AND UNDESIRABLE. IT IS NO COINCIDENCE THAT THE DWINDLING OF MY BEAUTY RUNS PARALLEL TO THEIR FADING INTEREST IN ME. AND ALSO FORBODES A FADING OF MY POWER.

THE BATH IS WARM, AND THICK, COMFORTING TO THE COUNTESSA'S SKIN. BUT EVEN THE VISCOSITY OF THIS HELLISH BATH LIQUID CANNOT MATCH THE THICK DETERMINATION WHICH FORGES A MADWOMAN'S RESOLVE...



BUT THE BLOOD MUST REPLENISH MY BEAUTY QUICKLY. NO LONGER CAN I HIDE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS UNDER THE PRETENSE OF THE GUILLOTINE... THE PEOPLE, AND THE GOVERNMENT, BECOME WISE -- THOSE WHO DIE UNDER THE GUILLOTINE DO SO IN PUBLIC DISPLAYS, AS EXAMPLES. BUT THE GIRLS MORDE ABDUCTS ARE NEVER SEEN UPON THE PLATFARM...



ALREADY THEY SPEAK OF THE VAMPIRE IN THE CASTLE. AND THE EXPERIENCE OF REVOLT IS FRESH IN THEIR MINDS. HOW LONG BEFORE THEY TAKE UP ARMS AND FIRE-BRANDS IN THEIR MARCH UPON MY CASTLE?

SURELY, THE COUNTESSA BELIEVES, THE BEAUTY IN THE SLAIN GIRL'S BLOOD HAS HAD SUFFICIENT TIME TO SOAK THROUGH THE PORES OF HER OWN BODY. NOW IS THE TIME TO COMPLETE THE GHASTLY RITUAL-- TO *DRINK* THE BLOOD, SO THAT ITS EFFECTIVENESS WORKS FROM WITHIN AS WELL AS WITHOUT...

THE BLOOD *MUST* BE WORKING -- I AM STILL BEAUTIFUL. NONE CAN DENY THAT -- BUT IT TAKES TOO LONG. I CONTINUE TO AGE. I MUST REVISE THE PROCESS -- FIND THE ONE DETAIL I HAVE OVERLOOKED. THERE *MUST* BE A WAY!



IS THERE EVER A MOMENT WHEN TIME CEASES TO PASS? FOR THE COUNTESSA, THE PASSING WEEKS HAVE BROUGHT ONLY THE RAVAGES OF THE AGING PROCESS. AND FOR A SLUMBERING GIRL WHOSE FACE IS WREATHED IN WISPS OF GOLDEN TRESSES IT WAS BROUGHT ONLY LONELINESS AND A VACUUM OF LOSS AND DESPAIR ...



THOUGH IMMENSE IT IS, THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL SOON REALIZES THAT WITHIN A PRISON SHE HAS AWAKENED...



LOCKED -- THE ONLY DOOR. LOCKED. WHY? WHO BROUGHT ME HERE? WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT? WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER? DEAR GOD, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME?

SHE AWAKENS, UNSPEAKABLY VULNERABLE WITHIN THE VAST CONFINES OF THIS ARCHED AND VAULTED ROOM.



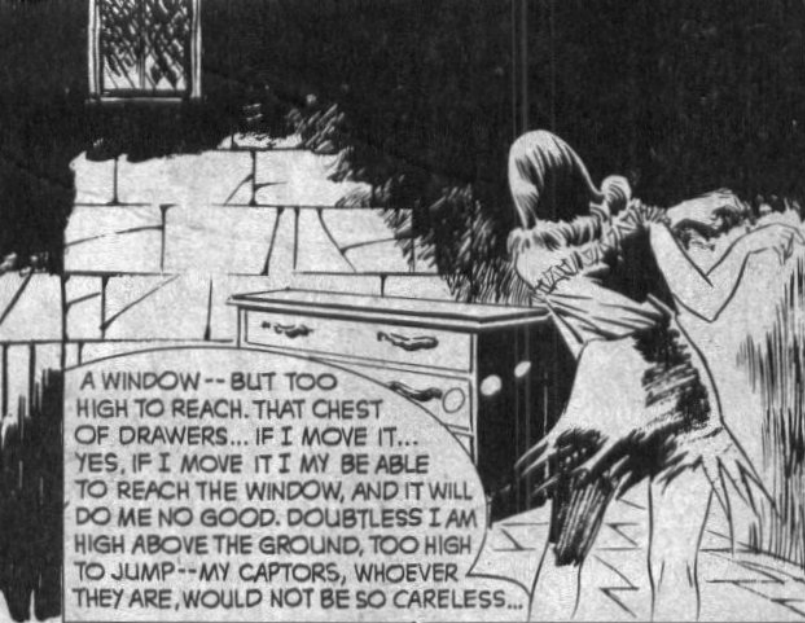
... AND SITS UP ON THE LUXURIANT COVERLETS OF A STRANGE BED ... IN A STRANGE ROOM...



THIS... THIS PLACE -- I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A LARGE ROOM. LARGER THAN OUR WHOLE CHALET. WHERE AM I? WHERE CAN I BE...?

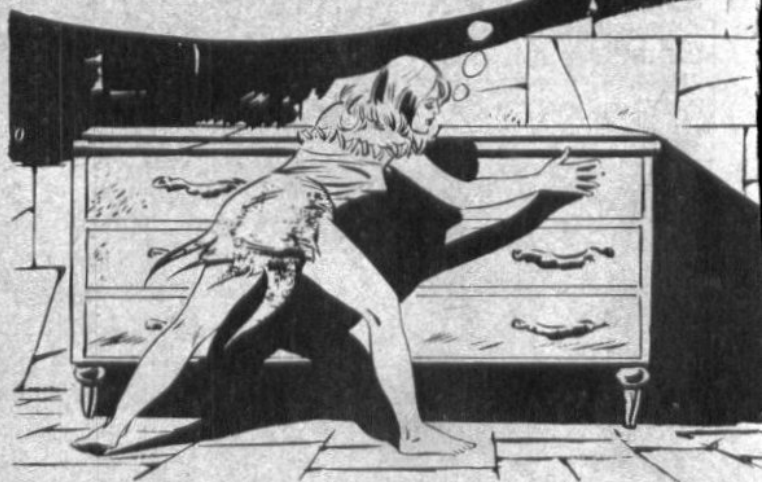


WHERE AM I? HELP ME, DEAR GOD! WHO IS OUT THERE? WHY AM I HERE?!



A WINDOW -- BUT TOO HIGH TO REACH. THAT CHEST OF DRAWERS... IF I MOVE IT... YES, IF I MOVE IT I MY BE ABLE TO REACH THE WINDOW, AND IT WILL DO ME NO GOOD. DOUBTLESS I AM HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND, TOO HIGH TO JUMP -- MY CAPTORS, WHOEVER THEY ARE, WOULD NOT BE SO CARELESS...

BUT AT LEAST I MAY LOOK OUTSIDE -- DETERMINE WHERE THIS PRISON IS LOCATED. MAYBE CALL OUT TO SOMEONE BELOW...



BUT AS THE GIRL CLAMBERS UP THE BAROQUE CHEST OF DRAWERS...



FORGET THE WINDOW --

A COLD WIND RIPS THROUGH THE OPENED TRAP-DOOR, TEARS AT HER THIN DRESS, EVELOPING HER IN A SEVERE CHILL WHICH CONFUSES THE GOOSEFLESH OF HER DREAD...



KNOWING NOT WHAT AWAITS AT THE FOOT OF THESE RICKETY STAIRS, I KNOW ONLY THAT I CANNOT REMAIN CAGED IN THE ROOM ABOVE. THE INTENT AND PURPOSE OF THE ROOM IS KNOWN -- BUT THESE STAIRS OFFER POSSIBILITIES WHICH MAY NOT BE MALICIOUS...

THIS OFFERS A FAR BETTER CHANCE OF ESCAPE!



APPREHENSION CLOGS THE GIRL'S THROAT, FORCES BREATH IN SHORT GASPS OF TIMID EXPECTATION. THE BELIEF IN ESCAPE BOLSTERS HER COURAGE AND A PROBING, TESTING FOOT REACHES THE GLOOM-SHROUDED BOTTOM OF THE STAIRWAY...

DARK... BUT MY EYES WILL ADJUST TO THE GLOOM. THERE ARE CORRIDORS, ONE OF THEM PERHAPS A PATHWAY TO ESCAPE...



STANDING BEFORE THE HONEY-COMBED MATRIX OF TUNNELS, THE UNFATHOMABLE BLACKNESS WRAPS ITSELF AROUND THE UNCERTAIN GIRL LIKE A CLOAK OF LIQUID ICE...

...CHOOSE THE **LARGEST** CORRIDOR. IF ITS SIZE DOES INDEED INDICATE THE IMPORTANCE OF ITS DESTINATION, THEN I MAY ONLY HOPE THAT THE IMPORTANCE OF IT WILL LIE IN MY FAVOR AND NOT... IN THE **OPPOSITE**.

...BUT **WHICH ONE?** LOGIC MAY NOT FIGURE INTO A CHOICE OF RANDOM DECISIONS, BUT I CANNOT IGNORE THE FACT THAT SOMETHING IMPELS ME TO...

FATE LOOMING UNKNOWN IN THE RECESSES OF THE CAVERNOUS LABYRINTH, THE GIRL WINDS HER HELPLESS WAY THROUGH THE SEEMINGLY INTERMINABLE TWISTS AND TURNS OF THE MAZE-LIKE CORRIDOR. RATS SCUTTLE AND CHITTER FROM HER HESITANT STEP, FOR SOME REASON CHOOSING TO SPARE HER FROM THEIR VIRULENT BITE; NIGHTBLACK BATS FLAP AND SOAR ABOVE HER HEAD. LEATHERY WINGS BRUSHING AGAINST HER FENDING FINGERTIPS...

GOD HELP ME FOR BEING OVERJOYED AT ENCOUNTERING THESE VERMIN OF THE PIT-- BUT THEIR PRESENCE PROVES A LINK BETWEEN THIS CORRIDOR AND THE OUTSIDE!

AND AT LAST THE SERPENTINE TUNNEL BREAKS INTO A CAVERNOUS ROOM. THE GIRL QUICKENS HER STEPS THROUGH THE LAST FEW YARDS OF THE SERPENT'S BOWELS AND EMERGES FROM ITS MOUTH...

THE MASSIVE OAK DOOR RESISTS HER DELICATE TOUCH, SQUEALS IN PROTEST AT HER INCREASED EFFORT, AND RELUCTANTLY GRATES UPON ITS HINGES...

IT IS NOT THE OUTSIDE -- DAYLIGHT IS STILL SHUT FROM ME. BUT THAT **DOOR** -- PERHAPS IT IS THE LAST BARRIER TO SALVATION...

K-K-K-R-E-E-E-E-E-E-K-K

A FETID, PUNGENT CHARNEL HOUSE SWEETSCENT ISSUES FROM THE OPENING DOOR, BRUTALLY ASSAILING THE GIRL'S DILATED NOSTRILS. AND HER SENSES SHRIVEL IN SHRINKING HORROR AT THE SIGHT WHICH CONFRONTS HER DISTENDED EYES. FIRST WITH REVULSION, THEN WITH NUMBED COMPREHENSION SHE LOOKS UPON THE GRISLY CORPSES, SOME ROTTING IN MOLDERED TATTERS OF ONCE-BEAUTIFUL FLESH, SOME BARELY DEAD AND BEAUTIFUL IN A MACABRE WAY, AND ALL OF THEM **FEMININE**...



LIKE GLASS BROKEN IN RESERVE, HER MEMORY COLLECTS UPON ITSELF, GATHERING A GROWING PATTERN OF SIGNIFICANCE, AND ULTIMATELY MOLDING INTO A SYMBOLIC PAST...

'I REMEMBER NOW -- REMEMBER YESTERDAY. THE DAY I WAS FINALLY CERTAIN MY SISTER HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED. TWO WEEKS IS LONG ENOUGH FOR ANY GAUGE OF CERTAINTY. I REMEMBER MY ANGER, AND MY WORDS SHOUTED FROM THAT PITIFUL PODIUM ...'

LISTEN TO ME, PEOPLE! MY SISTER HAS BEEN **STOLEN** FROM ME -- JUST AS **YOUR** SISTERS, WIVES, AND DAUGHTERS HAVE BEEN **STOLEN** FROM **YOU!** MY SISTER DID **NOTHING** TO ANGER THE NEW REGIME -- AND SHE WAS **NOT** SEEN ON THE GUILLOTINE!

DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN, NOW I **KNOW** -- NOW I KNOW WHY I HAVE BEEN ABDUCTED AND TAKEN HERE... AND THE KNOWLEDGE IS MORE THAN I CAN BEAR -- MORE THAN **ANYONE** CAN BE ASKED TO BEAR!



'THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE WHICH CONGREGATED AROUND MY WORDS-- SOMEONE FROM THE CASTLE, A SERVANT, LACKEY, WHATEVER... BUT SOMEONE WHO WOULD BRING NEWS TO...'

THE COUNTESSA! **SHE** IS THE ONE WHO ABDUCTED MY SISTER -- FOR HER GHASTLY RITES! **SHE** IS THE ONE WHO HAS ABDUCTED **YOUR** GIRLS! HOW LONG ARE WE TO **WAIT?** HOW MANY **MORE** GIRLS MUST BE VICTIMS OF THE HORRIBLE RITUALS WITHIN THAT DEPRAVED CASTLE?! WHEN DO WE **DO** SOMETHING?!



'AND I REMEMBER HOW THE CROWD FAILED TO RESPOND -- AND THEREBY GAVE VENT TO MY DESPONDENCE, A WAVE OF BITTER HELPLESSNESS WHICH I ATTEMPTED TO DROWN IN THE OBLIVION OF **DRINK...**'

SHE GONE... NO MORE SISTER... NEVER SEE AGAIN... DRUNK ANYWAY... KILL COUNTESSA... MUST KILL HER... THAT WOULD SHOW HER... STOP HER... MUST HAVE ANOTHER DRINK... ANOTHER DEATH... KILL COUNTESSA...



'AND DROWN MY THOUGHTS I DID -- AT LEAST CONSCIOUSLY. BUT DEEP WITHIN ME SEETHED THE URGENT DESIRE TO RID THE WORLD OF THE DIABOLICAL COUNTESSA. THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS STAGGERING FROM THE TAVERN, AND PASSING A GROTESQUE FACE...



HELLO... FUNNY MAN... FUNNY LITTLE MAN... YOU'RE SO UGLY... UGLY LITTLE MAN... YOU DRUNK TOO, UGLY LITTLE MAN?... SHOULD BE... MAKES YOU FORGET...

THE MEMORIES HALT THEN, WHERE DRINK HAD ENDED THEM, AND CONJECTURE IS THE BRUSH WHICH ADMINISTERS THE FINAL STROKES TO THE PICTURE OF DAWNING TERROR...

I MUST HAVE WANDERED DRUNK -- UNTIL THE COUNTESSA OR HER HENCHMEN CAPTURED AND IMPRISONED ME IN THAT... **OH NO--!** I WAS **RIGHT** I WAS **RIGHT**! THE FOOLS WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME!!!



MY SISTER, OH, MY **SISTER!** YOU HAVE DIED IN VAIN FOR THE TWISTED DELUSIONS OF A MADWOMAN! WOULD THAT I COULD AVENGE YOUR DEATH -- BUT NOW, I FEAR I WILL SOON JOIN YOU, DEAR SISTER, IN WHATEVER HEREAFTER DESTINY HOLDS FOR US...



BUT THE PRIMITIVE SENSE OF SELF-PRESERVATION SEIZES THE GRIEVING GIRL, AND COMPELS HER TO CLUTCH AT THE TENUOUS FIBERS OF HER LIFE. ON TREMBLING LEGS, SHE BACKS FROM THE APPALLING SIGHT OF HER DEAD SISTER, INTO THE OUTER CHAMBER, INTO **DANGER**...

AND YET, MY SLAIN SISTER, THERE MAY STILL BE A WAY TO ESCAPE THIS DEATH PIT--AND RETURN ANOTHER DAY TO ACHIEVE THE RETRIBUTION I SO LUST FOR... PERHAPS ONE OF THE OTHER CORRIDORS WILL...



...LEAD YOU TO MORDE, HYEY HYEY, **ALL** CORRIDORS LEAD TO MORDE. I AM MORDE. I SERVE THE BELOVED COUNTESSA. I PRESERVE HER BEAUTY WITH MY SKILLFUL HANDS. MORDE IS SKILLFUL. MORDE IS **SMART**. YOU ESCAPED THE ROOM ABOVE. YOU WILL **NOT** ESCAPE MORDE.

YOU!
IN THE **TAVERN**--!
YOU ABDUCTED
ME!



THE REPUGNANT FEATURES OF THE TWISTED DWARF STRIKE A CHORD OF THRUMMING PANIC WITHIN THE GIRL'S HEAVING BREAST. ABRUPTLY, SHE SPINS AND BOLTS DOWN THE SINUOUSLY WINDING CORRIDOR... WITH THE DWARF IN SCRABBLING PURSUIT...

BUT THIS WRETCHED CARICATURE OF A MAN WAS **BORN** IN THE LABYRINTH CORRIDORS OF THIS SUBTERRANEAN MAZE-- PERHAPS THE LOW STIFLING CEILINGS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS GROTESQUELY STUNTED HEIGHT--AND HE KNOWS THE CORRIDORS **WELL**. THE MADFLIGHT IS SHORT, ABORTED WITH THE GOUGING PAIN OF GNARLED HANDS UPON A SMOOTH SHOULDER...

NO! YOU WON'T DO TO ME WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY SISTER -- I'LL ESCAPE -- RALLY THE PEOPLE -- BURN THIS DEMENTED CASTLE TO THE GROUND!



... THE RAKING FIRE OF CRACKED, FILTHY TALONS AND THE BRUISING IMPACT OF TWISTING LIMBS COLLIDING WITH THE CORRIDOR FLOOR...

HYEH HYEY. NOW, MY LITTLE PRETTY ONE, NOW, YES, RIGHT NOW, I THINK, YOU SHALL MEET THE COUNTESSA.

SHE WISHES HER **BATH**, HYEY HYEY.

AFTER A SUBJECTIVE ETERNITY OF HELPLESS JOUNCING UPON THE DWARF'S SHOULDER, AFTER BEING BORNE UP STAIRWAY AFTER INTERMINABLE STAIRWAY, AFTER THE CEASELESS CACKLING OF A DERANGED MANIAC, THE GIRL IS SET ON HER FEET BEFORE THE CRUEL COUNTESSA...



NOOOO!



HERE IS THE ONE, BELOVED COUNTESSA, HERE IS THE ONE WHO WOULD **KILL** YOU. I HEARD HER, HYEY, HYEY, I **HEARD** HER IN THE VILLAGE MYSELF, AND ISN'T IT GOOD, COUNTESSA, ISN'T IT EVER SO GOOD THAT HER BEAUTY SURPASSES **ALL** OF THE OTHERS?

YES, MORDE, IT IS GOOD-- BUT THIS ONE WILL BE DIFFERENT. THIS ONE WILL WORK-- THE BEAUTY OF THIS ONE WILL BE EFFECTIVELY TRANSMUTED INTO MY BODY.

PUT AWAY THAT KNIFE, YOU STUPID FOOL! IF YOUR UNUTTERABLE UGLINESS DID NOT CONTRAST SO WELL WITH MY BEAUTY I WOULD KILL YOU IMMEDIATELY! THIS ONE'S BEAUTY MUST NOT BE MARRED BY THE KNIFE -- AT LEAST NOT YET. I SAID THIS ONE WOULD BE **DIFFERENT...**



THE LIFE OF THIS ONE MUST NOT LEAVE HER BODY WITH HER BLOOD -- THE BEAUTY **ESCAPES** THAT WAY, AND THE BLOOD IS USELESS TO ME. THIS ONE MUST DIE WITH HER BLOOD STILL **INSIDE** THE VESSEL OF HER PERFECT FORM. THERE MUST NOT BE ONE TINY FLAW UPON HER BODY. NOW TAKE HER AWAY -- KILL HER -- BUT DO NOT **MARK** HER!



YOU'RE **MAD!** YOU CANNOT TRANSMIT BEAUTY FROM ONE PERSON TO ANOTHER! BEAUTY LIVES **WITHIN** A PERSON -- BUT NOT IN THE BLOOD! IT IS DEEPER WITHIN THAN THAT! YOU EMBODY EVERYTHING VILE WHICH BEAUTY **SPURNS** -- YET EVEN

THOUGH I WILL DIE NOW FOR YOUR MAD ENDS, KNOW **THIS** -- I WILL **CURSE** YOU WITH MY DYING BREATH AND LAMENT THAT I COULD NOT **END** YOUR DEPRAVED EXISTENCE!



TAKE HER AWAY, MORDE. SHE SICKENS ME WITH HER INSOLENCE. STRANGLE HER OR SOMETHING, BUT DO NOT BRUISE HER NECK -- KILL HER ANY WAY YOU CAN -- BUT DO NOT **MAR** HER!

THE COUNTESSA CUPS HER AGING HANDS, BENDS TO SIP THE WARM SCARLET FLUID...

MORDE -- THIS BLOOD TASTES... **DIFFERENT...** WHAT DID YOU **DO** -- HOW DID YOU **KILL** HER?

HYEH, HYEY, YOU WILL BE PROUD OF ME, COUNTESSA. I WAS SMART, OH, SO SMART. I DID NOT MARK HER. I USED POISON, FOR THE RATS -- IT WAS VERY EFFECTIVE, IT WAS, IT TRAVELLED THROUGH HER **BLOODSTREAM** TO HER HEART QUICKLY, VERY QUICKLY, HYEY, HYEY!



P-POISON...
ACHHHH--
GGGAAAGGKKAAA!

AND SO THE DWARF MURDERS THE GIRL, AND SHE DIES SUFFERING MORE FROM THE FACT THAT THE COUNTESSA WILL LIVE THAN FROM THE ACTUAL PAIN OF DEATH. HER CORPSE IS BROUGHT TO THE COUNTESSA'S CHAMBER, HER THROAT SLASHED, AND HER BLOOD SPILLED INTO THE GILDED TUB. THE COUNTESSA **BATHES...**

YOU DID WELL, MORDE. SHE DIED WITHOUT A WOUND.



THIS TIME WILL BE **DIFFERENT** -- I CAN SENSE IT. THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME I WILL BATHE AND DRINK IN THE BLOOD OF FOOLISH YOUNG GIRLS...

AND THE LETHAL DOSE OF POISON **REMAINED** IN THE GIRL'S BLOOD ... FOR THE COUNTESSA TO **DRINK**. THE GIRL'S MOST FERVENT DESIRE, NOW ACHIEVED BY HER VERY DEATH, DOES NOT BRING THE EXULTATION OF TRIUMPH TO THE MUTE CORPSE LYING ON THE MARBLE FLOOR... BUT IN SOME OTHER, UNKNOWN PLACE TWO SISTERS SHARE A SECRET AND VERY SATISFIED, THEY **SMILE...**

IT IS SAID THAT THERE IS "SAFETY IN NUMBERS"-- SAFETY FROM WHAT? SAFETY FROM THE UNAMEABLE **TORMENT** GNAWING AT THAT POOR WRETCH'S NERVE ENDS?... LOOK AT HIM AS HE IS DRAGGED--LIKE THAT SHATTERED REMNANT OF HUMANITY HE IS-- INTO THE **HOSPITAL**... WHERE INDEED HE WILL FACE MORE THAN THE EYE NOW SEES... MUCH MORE... IN THE RIDDLE OF **LIFE** AND **UNDEATH** WE CALL...

EDITOR'S NOTE:
THIS STORY HAS TO GO DOWN AS ONE OF THE MOST GRUESOME, HORRIBLE TALES EVER WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED! YET, IT HOLDS A FASCINATION THAT MADE US READ IT THROUGH!... AND SO, WE WANT TO SHARE IT WITH **YOU!**

COUNTY HOSPITAL

LIMB FROM LIMB FROM DEATH

"SAFE THOUGH ALL SAFETY'S LOST; SAFE WHERE MEN FALL; AND IF THESE POOR LIMBS DIE, SAFEST OF ALL!"
TEASE YOUR SENSE OF POETIC JUSTICE IN THIS RABID ROMANCE ABOUT A MAN AND HIS **LOST LIMBS**...

PABLO MARCOS 71

AND SO STARTS OUR TALE... OF THE AGONIZING HORROR OF UNSPEAKABLE **PANIC** THAT GRIPS MEN'S HEARTS AND RIPS FROM THEM ALL VESTIGE OF ORDER AND **SANITY!** THREE MEN... MAROONED ON THE PROVERBIAL DESERT ISLAND MINUS THE ISLAND... AND TO THEM... AT MOST ALL IS **LOST**...

HEWETSON AND MARCOS

FACE IT... WE'RE RANDED... WHAT WAS TO BE A PLEASANT **EXPEDITION** OF OUR VACATION TURNED OUT TO CAUSE OUR **DEATH!**

THAT **WINDSTORM** THAT SUDDENLY BLEW UP... RIPPED UP OUR CAMPSITE... NOW WE'VE NO GAS LEFT... NO **FOOD**... WE'RE **DEAD MEN**... DEAD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE **SAHARA DESERT!**



SO WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

WHAT CAN WE DO... NOTHING... JUST SIT AND WAIT... MAYBE A RESCUE PLANE WILL COME OUT LOOKING FOR US...

WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING... WE CAN'T JUST... LIE HERE WAITING TO DIE... HELPLESS!

BUT WE ARE HELPLESS! WHAT A WAY TO DIE... WE HARDLY EVEN KNOW ONE ANOTHER...



UNTIL JUST A FEW DAYS AGO WHEN WE MET IN THAT HOTEL LOBBY IN CAIRO AND DECIDED TO MAKE THIS INSANE TRIP ACROSS A RUDDY DESERT!

NOBODY THOUGHT IT WAS INSANE AT THE TIME... WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF THAT ARCHEOLOGICAL FIND 100 MILES NORTH OF HERE...



...WE WERE ALL OF US INTERESTED IN IT... WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO VISIT IT...

BUT WE'RE NOT NATIVES... AND WE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THESE SUDDEN SANDSTORMS... IT CRIPPLED US... TOOK OUR FOOD LIKE A TORNADO TWISTER... GOD KNOWS WHERE IT IS NOW!



THIS... SO CALLED REMINISCING ISN'T GOING TO DO ANY GOOD... WE NEED FOOD... WE NEED FOOD... OR WE'LL STARVE!

WE'VE BEEN TALKING LIKE THIS FOR THREE DAYS NOW... THERE'S NO ANSWER...



BUT THERE IS A WAY GENTLEMEN... THERE IS ONE WAY...

...AND THAT IS... WE CAN EAT OURSELVES!

YOU'RE INSANE... YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY INSANE!

WAIT A MINUTE... HERE HIM OUT... HE'S A DOCTOR REMEMBER MAX? HE MAY HAVE A WAY!



HE'S RIGHT MAX... I'M A DOCTOR... I CAN **AMPUTATE A LIMB...** WE CAN **EAT...** STAY ALIVE AT LEAST UNTIL HELP DOES COME... THEY'LL FIND US EVENTUALLY!

BUT **WHO** WILL IT BE... IT CAN'T BE **YOU...** YOU NEED YOUR HANDS... WE'LL HAVE TO... TO DRAW **STRAWS** FOR IT!

AND SO AN AGREEMENT IS **SET** BETWEEN THE DOCTOR AND HIS **'PATIENTS'...** THEY DRAW STRAWS TO SEE WHO WILL GO FIRST... WHO WILL BE THE FIRST TO LOSE A **LIMB...** AND IT IS THE BAD FORTUNE OF THE MAN CALLED **EDGAR WILDE** FOR IT TO BE **HIM...**



WHY **ME...** WHY **ME** FIRST?

THE STRAWS WERE DRAWN **FAIRLY...** YOU **AGREED...** TOMORROW IF NO HELP COMES... IT WILL BE MAX'S **TURN...**



BUT WHAT ABOUT **YOU...** IT'S NOT **FAIR...** WHAT ABOUT **YOU...**

I... I MUST BE **MAD...** BUT I PROMISE YOU **THIS...** IF WE DO GET TO CIVILIZATION... I WILL HAVE MY ARM AMPUTATED... TO MAKE OUR **'CONTRIBUTION'...** EQUAL... I'LL HAVE MY ARM TAKEN OFF!

NOW... BEFORE I SAY ANYTHING ELSE THAT I KNOW I'LL **REGRET...** YOUR **ARM...** HOLD HIM **STILL MAX...** THE PAIN WILL BE **VERY BAD...** I HAVE NO ANESTHETIC... AND HE'LL BE IN **AGONY!**



HOLD HIM **HOLD HIM...** HIS ARM'S NOT OFF YET...

EEEEAAAAA

...AND SO, SOME HOURS LATER...

THIS... IS
**GROTESQUE...
HORRIBLE!**

BUT...
FILLING!

I'D HEARD
PEOPLE SAY... THAT
HUMAN FLESH WAS
DISTASTEFUL...
BUT IT'S NOT...
IT'S REALLY
QUITE **PLEASANT!**

FOR **GOD'S**
SAKE MAX...
THAT'S MY **FLESH**
YOUR **EATING...** DO
YOU HAVE TO TALK
ABOUT IT AS... AS IF
IT'S A **LEG OF LAMB!**

WELL... I AT LEAST HAVE
ONE CONSOLATION... AT
LEAST IT **WORKED...** IT'S
BEEN TWO DAYS SINCE...
SINCE MY ARM'S BEEN
OFF AND WE'RE STILL
ALIVE... WE SHOULD
BE **DEAD!**

BUT NOW
WE'RE DOWN
TO LICKING THE
BONE... NOW
WE NEED...
**ANOTHER
ARM!**

...AND IT IS TIME
AGAIN... MAXWELL
SQUIRMS... HE SAW
THE AGONY OF WILDE
AS HIS ARM WAS
REMOVED... HE SAW
THE DOCTOR SWAB
A PINT OF BLOOD
AS IT GUSHED FROM
THE WOUND... AND
HE KNOWS... HE
KNOWS THAT **HE IS
NEXT!**

IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE...**
HE'S STRUGGLING
LIKE HE'S
MAD!

**HOLD HIM...
SIT ON HIM IF
YOU HAVE TO
BUT HOLD
HIM DOWN!**

OH MY GOD...
THE PAIN...
THE PAIN...

IT WILL **FADE...**
AS WILL THE HARSH
MEMORY OF WHAT
HAS HAPPENED...
COME... AND EAT...
YOU NEED THE
NOURISHMENT!

YOU'RE **PROMISE** STEWARD...
YOU **SWORE...** WHEN-OR IF- WE
ARE **RESCUED...** REMEMBER
YOUR **OATH** TO US!

I... WILL
REMEMBER...
I **SWEAR** IT...

THAT NOISE...
LIKE A FAINT
HUMING...
WHAT'S THAT
NOISE?

**A PLANE...
LOOK...
WE'VE
BEEN
SAVED!**



IT'S A **MIRACLE...**
A BLOODY
MIRACLE!

I NEVER
THOUGHT... I
REALLY NEVER...
HONESTLY...
THOUGHT WE'D
BE SAVED!

BUT THIS
DOESN'T
CHANGE THINGS
STEWART... NOT
FOR YOU...

"... NOT FOR YOU... YOU
SWORE TO US...
REMEMBER? WE **WANT**
THAT ARM... WE **WANT**
IT STEWART... DON'T
TRY AND SQUIRM
OUT OF IT!"
CRUEL WORDS,
UNCIVILIZED WORDS
--AREN'T THEY DOCTOR
FREDRICH STEWART--
NOW THAT YOU'RE
BACK IN YOUR
'CIVILIZED' BOSTON...
BUT YOU HAVE A
COMMITMENT TO
FULFILL... AND YOU'VE
BEEN GIVE **ONE WEEK!**

I'VE GOT TO
TRICK THEM SOMEHOW...
BUT **HOW!**... UNLESS...
OF COURSE... ALL
THEY WANT IS AN
ARM... THEY'LL NEVER SEE
ME AGAIN... THEY
DON'T HAVE TO
KNOW IT'S **NOT**
MY ARM!



IT'S *EASY*
FOR ME TO
GET A *LIMB*

AS A *DOCTOR*...
I CAN GET ANY PART
OF THE ANATOMY
I *WANT* FOR *RESEARCH*
AND *STUDY*... AND
NOBODY WILL EVER
KNOW MY *REAL*
PURPOSE!

THE DOCTOR IS
TRIUMPHANT... AND
AS HE BUNDLES UP
THE TWO PACKAGES
OF *HUMAN LIMB*
FOR MAILING TO HIS
FORMER "*PARTNERS*,"
THE SENSE OF FRIGHT
LEAVES HIM AND A
GLOATING SATISFAC-
TION COMES... FOR HE
HAS THWARTED AN
OATH!



PROFESSOR WILLIAM
MAXWELL, UNIVERSITY
OF BROCKSHIRE, KENT,
ENGLAND, AH, THAT
DOES IT NOW... READY
FOR MAILING! THEY'LL
EACH GET A HALF OF
MY '*SEVERED ARM*'
AND BE NONE
THE WISER!



DARLING...
WHAT'S WRONG...
YOU LOOK AS IF
YOU'RE IN PAIN...
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

I DON'T KNOW...
IT'S MY *ARM*... FEELS
LIKE SOMETHING'S
GNAWING AWAY AT IT...
EXCUSE ME FOR
A MINUTE!



DEAR GOD...
THIS CAN'T BE
HAPPENING...
IT'S NOT EVEN
POSSIBLE...
SCABS... OVER
MY *ARM*... AND
THE PAIN...
HARDLY BEARABLE!



IT'S GETTING WORSE... MY
GOD... IT'S GETTING WORSE
BEFORE MY VERY EYES...
MY FINGERS... THE FLESH IS
FALLING OFF... *DIPPING*
OFF LIKE *SLUDGE!*



LOOK... LOOK AT
MY *ARM*... SOMEONE
HELP ME...
SOMEONE HELP
ME PLEASE... MY
ARM IS FALLING
APART!



...LIMB FROM LIMB... FROM A FATE FAR WORSE THAN DEATH INDEED... FOR IS IT NOT ALSO SAID THAT THE MAN WHO BREAKS HIS WORD AS A GENTLEMAN IS NO LONGER A MAN AT ALL... BUT A COWERING MOCKERY... A FRAUD OF HUMANITY! AND DOCTOR FREDRICH STEWART KNOWS THIS WELL... FOR IN DENYING HIS MANHOOD... HE IS DENYING ALSO HIS VERY SANITY!



I'VE SEEN NUTS BEFORE... OFF THEIR HEADS... BUT THIS GUY'S A REAL LULU!

YEH... KEEPS RANTING ON AND ON ABOUT HIS ARM BEING SOME KIND OF BLOODY STUMP OR SOMETHING!

LOOK AT HIM, PERFECTLY SANE AND HEALTHY GUY YESTERDAY PROBABLY... MAYBE JUST SOME LITTLE THING DID THE TRICK... AND THE OLD MIND JUST... SNAPPED!

SNAPPED... LITTLE THINGS LIKE ARTERIES AND TENDONS AND VEINS AND TINY SLENDER LITTLE BONES AND LOTS OF LITTLE THINGS LIKE THAT AND... SNAP...

THE END



IT IS WELL AFTER **MIDNIGHT**, THE SEERING METAL SHADE ON HIS READING LAMP MOMENTARILY BURNS JOSEPH ELLIOT'S FINGERS AS HE DROWSILY CLOSES HIS STUDY BOOKS ON **OCEANOGRAPHY**, FLICKS OFF THE LIGHT, AND **GROPES** HIS WAY ACROSS THE ROOM TO THE COOL INVITING COVERS OF HIS **BED**. AH-SLEEP...BEAUTIFUL, WELL EARNED **SLEEP**—LAST MINUTE CRAMMING FOR **EXAMS** HAS MADE EVERY BONE IN HIS TOUGH YOUNG FRAME ACHE WITH PAIN AND YEARN FOR **SLEEP... SLEEP...AND THESE ARE HIS DREAMS...**

the NIGHTMARE WORLD

of JOSEPH ELLIOT
from SAN FRANCISCO

"A Dravp Beneath the Sea!"

BY JOSEPH ELLIOT AS TOLD TO ALAN HEWETSON — ART BY PAYNE
THE **SECOND** SELECTION IN A CONTINUING SKYWALD FEATURE WHERE **YOU ARE THE WRITER...**
YOU ARE THE DREAMER... AS WE TELL THE STORY OF **YOUR... NIGHTMARE WORLD!**



I FOUND MYSELF ON THE DECK OF A SMALL SCOTTISH VESSEL ON THE FAMOUS **LOCH NESS**...PREPARING TO DIVE IN A BELL BENEATH THE DEPTHS...

I HAD ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN THE **SCIENCE OF THE SEA**, AND WAS CURRENTLY STUDYING IT IN **SCHOOL**-NOW I FOUND MYSELF LIVING OUT MY **DAY-DREAMS**-AS THE **WATERS SWIRLED** OVER MY HEAD ...

I MARVELLED AT THE **MAJESTY OF THE OCEAN LIFE**-RELATING MY KNOWLEDGE FROM BOOKS TO THE **REAL THING**...SUDDENLY A DARK **CLOUD** OVERSHADOWED THE BELL...MY HEART LEAPED INTO MY **STOMACH**...

THE **THING** THAT CAME INTO VIEW COULD BE NOTHING OTHER THAN THE **LOCH NESS MONSTER** ITSELF...IT WAS **GIGANTIC**...SOME KIND OF **MUTANT EEL** HUNDREDS OF FEET LONG...

MY DIVING BELL LURCHED AND BOUNCED IN THE WATERS AS THE SEA SERPENT SLASHED THE AIR CABLES ...

IT'S TEETH SLICED THROUGH THE THICK STEEL COATING OF THE BELL ...MISSING ME BY A FEW **INCREDIBLE** INCHES ...



AS THE
WATERS RUSHED
INTO THE CABIN MY
CRYING LUNGS GASPED
FOR AIR...

I COULD
DO NOTHING
BUT SCREAM AND
SCREAM AS THE
SERPENT OPENED ITS
HORRIBLE JAWS TO
WELCOME ITS
LUNCH... ME



BUT I WAS NOT SWALLOWED...
NOR DID I DROWN... NIGHTMARES
HAVE NO RHYME OR REASON...



AT THE
ENTRANCE TO
ITS LAIR, 4
GROTESQUE OFF-
SPRING SLITHERED AND
WRITHED... MY GOD... WAS I
TO BE A MEAL FOR THEM?...



NO... NO SUCH MERCIFUL FATE WAS TO
BE MINE... INSTEAD THE MONSTER
CRAWLED ON THE OCEAN FLOOR... I
NOTICED FOR THE FIRST TIME A KIND
OF SADDLE UPON ITS NECK...
IF IT CAN BE SAID
IT HAD A NECK...

... AS I MOUNTED THE
SADDLE I FELT MOVEMENT
BENEATH ME... TO MY HORROR
I REALIZED THE SADDLE WAS A
HIDEOUS OCTOPUS... SQUIRMING
AND PULSATING AS I CLUNG
TO MYSTERIOUS REIGNS
THAT SUDDENLY
APPEARED IN
MY HANDS ...

RIDING UPON
THE BACK OF
THE SEA SERPENT
UPON THAT VILE SADDLE I
PRAYED FOR DEATH - A FAST
DEATH - AN EASY DEATH -
AN IMMEDIATE DEATH IN A
GRAVE BENEATH
THE SEA!

AFTER WHAT SEEMED HOURS THE MUTANT THING SURFACED -
AND MADE FOR A NEARBY BEACH WHERE STUNNED VILLAGERS
WATCHED IN DISBELIEF...

THE BEAST SLITHERED
UPON THE SHORE WITH
ME ASTRIDE HIM - BUT
THE VILLAGERS DID NOT
RUN - THEY WERE NOT
FRIGHTENED OF THE
SPECTACLE WHICH
CONFRONTED THEM

RATHER...
THEY BROKE
INTO FITS OF
HYSTERICAL
LAUGHTER...


IT WAS THEN... THANK GOD...
THAT I AWAKENED... I WAS
FEVERISH... LITERALLY SWIMMING
IN A SEA OF SWEAT... IN THE
ONLY THEN... IN THE
WORLD OF THE AWAKE
... DID I FIND
REST!

The End

YOUR NAME
IS **KARIN PAYNE**.
YOU'RE A 23-
YEAR OLD, TALL
ATTRACTIVE
BRUNETTE
WALKING HOME
WITH THE EVE-
NING RUSH...
THE SAME WAY
YOU'VE WALKED
A **HUNDRED**
TIMES BEFORE.
ONLY **TONIGHT**
WILL BE DIFFER-
ENT... TONIGHT
WHEN YOU
OPEN YOUR
APARTMENT
DOOR YOU WILL
ENTER INTO
TERROR... A
TERROR YOU
WILL BE FORCED
TO FACE
COMPLETELY
AND
UNAVOIDABLY...

BRUCE JONES






HELLO KARIN...
ARE YOU READY
TO DIE?


CLICK




WHAT?
WHO IS THIS?
HELLO...
HELLO?...



PROBABLY SOME
CRACKPOTS IDEA
OF AN OBSCENE
PHONE CALL...BUT
HOW DID HE KNOW
MY NAME...?



WELL I'M NOT
GOING TO WORRY
ABOUT IT NOW...ALL
I WANT AT THIS
MOMENT IS A NICE
HOT BATH...



AH-H-H!
THIS IS MORE
LIKE IT!



M-M-M...
WORLD, GO
AWAY!...

RI

IING!

GUESS I'D BETTER
GET IT...IT MIGHT
BE DAVID...

HELLO, KARIN,
STILL ALIVE?
MY, I THOUGHT
YOU'D BE DEAD
BY NOW...

OH, COME
ON NOW!

WHOEVER THIS
IS, I **DON'T** FIND
YOUR LITTLE GAME
FUNNY IN THE
LEAST AND IF YOU
CALL AGAIN I'LL
NOTIFY THE
POLICE!

THE POLICE?
THERE'S NOTHING
THE POLICE CAN
DO...THERE'S
NOTHING ANYONE
CAN DO...IN A
VERY FEW
MINUTES YOU'LL
BE DEAD!


CLICK

HELLO?...
HE HUNG UP
AGAIN. I'D
BETTER CALL
DAVID...

HM-M...
NO ANSWER...
HE MUST BE OUT
ON CALL...

OH WELL, NO
POINT IN BOTHERING
HIM OVER A **STUPID**
PHONE CALL
ANYWAY.






MAYBE IT WAS DAVID
PHONING, PLAYING A
PRACTICAL JOKE...NO, HE
WOULDN'T DO A THING
LIKE THAT...




...NOT TWO WEEKS
BEFORE HE
MARRIES ME!



TWO WEEKS...WHY
COULDN'T IT BE NOW,
DARLING? WHY COULDN'T
YOU BE HERE BESIDE ME...
HOLDING ME CLOSE...
M-M...

**RING!
RING!**



I WON'T! I
ABSOLUTELY
WON'T ANSWER IT!
I KNOW WHO'S ON
THE OTHER END OF
THAT LINE...



...YES?



STILL THERE, KARIN?
WE'LL JUST BE PATIENT
MY DEAR. ANY MOMENT
NOW IT'LL ALL BE OVER.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO
KNOW HOW, KARIN?

LISTEN
YOU...

I'LL TELL
YOU HOW...
YOU'RE GOING TO
KILL YOURSELF.
THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S
ALL GOING TO
LOOK LIKE
SUICIDE!

WHO IS
THIS?

A FRIEND,
KARIN. A FRIEND
YOU MET ONLY ONCE.
IT WAS AT A PARTY,
REMEMBER? THE
GREAT KONAR...?
CLICK

HUNG UP
AGAIN! DAMN
HIM! PARTY...
WHAT PARTY? I
HAVEN'T BEEN TO
A PARTY IN
AGES...

SLAM!




LORD, I'LL NEVER SLEEP NOW...I NEED A CIGARETTE...

WHAT WAS IT HE SAID...
"THE GREAT KONAR?" HM-M, KONAR. YES... THAT DOES RING A BELL...


KONAR...KONAR, NOW I REMEMBER! CHERYL BATTER'S PARTY A FEW MONTHS AGO! SHE HAD A ENTERTAINER THERE...A HYPNOTIST AND...AND...

...AND IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE THE GREAT KONAR!



THANK YOU, THANK YOU...BEFORE WE BEGIN THE DEMONSTRATION IN HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION, I'LL NEED A VOLUNTEER...


CLAP!
CLAP! CLAP!
CLAP!



WOULD YOU MIND HELPING US, MISS...?

ME...?

"KONAR ASKED ME TO LIE UPON THE SOFA AND RELAX COMPLETELY, THEN HE MADE THE OTHER GUESTS LEAVE THE ROOM WHILE HE PUT ME UNDER..."



"I WAS EMBARRASSED BUT CHERYL AND THE OTHERS KEPT INSISTING AND APPLAUDING TILL FINALLY I CONSENTED..."

"WHEN WE WERE ALONE HE HELD A CANDLE ABOVE MY HEAD AND TOLD ME TO WATCH THE FLAME AND LISTEN *ONLY* TO HIS VOICE..."



"THAT WAS THE LAST THING I REMEMBER BEFORE KONAR AWAKENED ME..."

"CHERYL TOLD ME LATER ABOUT THE ILLUSIONS HE CREATED WHILE I WAS UNDER..."



"I AWAKENED AND REMEMBERED NOTHING. THEN ABOUT AN HOUR LATER..."

MAY I HAVE A CIGARETTE, PLEASE...?

AND NOW FOR AN EXPERIMENT IN POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION... KARIN, IN ONE HOUR I WILL ASK YOU FOR A CIGARETTE. AT THE SOUND OF THAT WORD YOU WILL IMMEDIATELY ASSUME ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHICKEN!

I'M GOING TO AWAKEN YOU NOW...

HA!
HA-HA! HA!

HA!
HA!

SQWAK!
SQWAK!

THANK YOU, KARIN...

"I FELT LIKE A COMPLETE IDIOT..."



I REMEMBER NOW... I HAD AN UNEASY FEELING THROUGH THE ENTIRE PARTY... KONAR KEPT STARING AT ME, WATCHING MY EVERY MOVE. HE MUST BE CRAZ--

STARTING TO REMEMBER NOW, KARIN?... THE PARTY, THE TRICKS? PERHAPS YOU ALSO REMEMBER SOMEONE ELSE. SOMEONE YOU KNEW QUITE WELL... TONY SANDERS...

YOU... YOU KNEW TONY?

RI-I-I-ING!

I'M HIS BROTHER, KARIN, OR WAS HIS BROTHER UNTIL YOU--

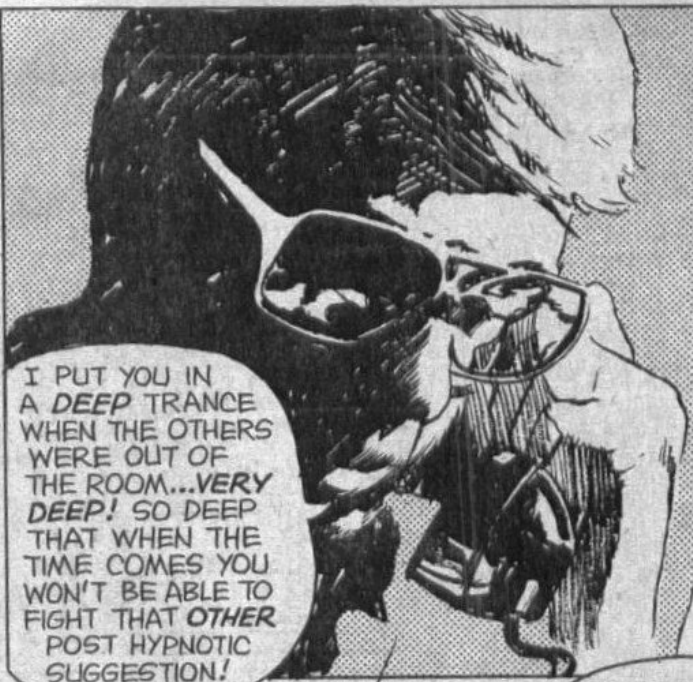
OH, MY GOD!

"REMEMBER THE HEADLINES, KARIN? 'MAN LEAPS TO DEATH FROM APARTMENT BUILDING-- APPARENT SUICIDE.' HE LOVED YOU, KARIN..."

BUT YOU WALKED OUT ON HIM DIDN'T YOU? MY BROTHER WAS IN MEDICAL SCHOOL... HE WAS GOING TO BE A FINE SURGEON SOME DAY, RESPECTED BY HIS FELLOW MAN. BUT YOU, YOU LITTLE TRAMP...

PLEASE... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...

I UNDERSTAND ALL RIGHT... I'VE SPENT EVERY WAKING HOUR OF THE LAST SIX WEEKS FINDING OUT ALL ABOUT YOU... WHERE YOU LIVE, WHO YOUR FRIENDS ARE. I FINALLY FINAGLED MY WAY INTO THAT PARTY. YES, I'VE STUDIED HYPNOSIS FOR YEARS... AND NOW I'M ABOUT TO PULL OFF MY GREATEST ILLUSION...



I PUT YOU IN A **DEEP** TRANCE WHEN THE OTHERS WERE OUT OF THE ROOM...**VERY DEEP!** SO DEEP THAT WHEN THE TIME COMES YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO FIGHT THAT **OTHER** POST HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION!



...OTHER SUGGESTION?

TODAY IS
AUG. 12

I TOLD YOU THEN THAT YOU WERE GOING TO EXPERIENCE A VERY FAMILIAR COMMONPLACE OCCURRENCE ON AUGUST 12TH... SOMETHING YOU DO EVERY DAY WITHOUT THINKING ABOUT IT. A **SIGHT, A SOUND, A TOUCH...**



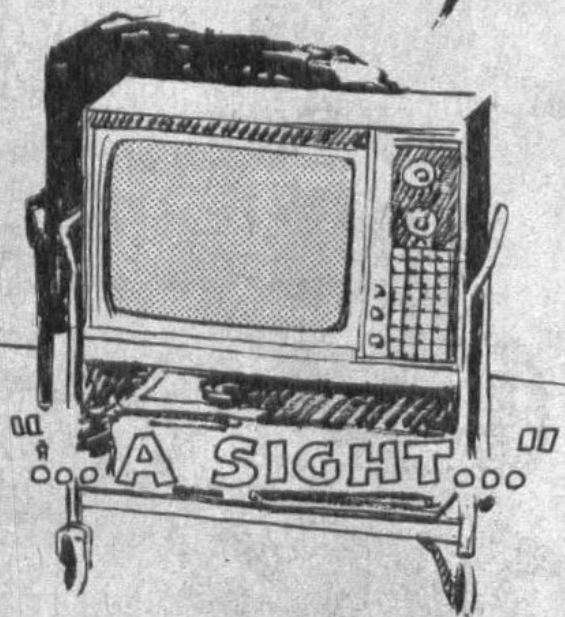
AND WHEN DURING THE COURSE OF YOUR DAILY ROUTINE, THAT EXPERIENCE OCCURS...**YOU ARE GOING TO KILL YOURSELF!**

NO! NO!

STOP IT!
YOU'RE TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME! THAT'S ALL...**JUST FRIGHTEN ME!**



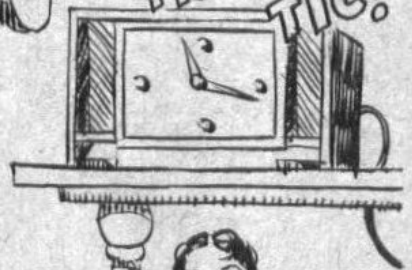
OH GOD... WHAT IF IT'S **TRUE?** IT COULD BE ANYTHING! THE **WALLS...THE FURNITURE...**



NO! NO! I MUSTN'T
LOOK AT ANYTHING!!

"A SOUND...
TIC!

TIC! TIC!
TIC! TIC!
TIC! TIC!
TIC TIC TIC
TIC!

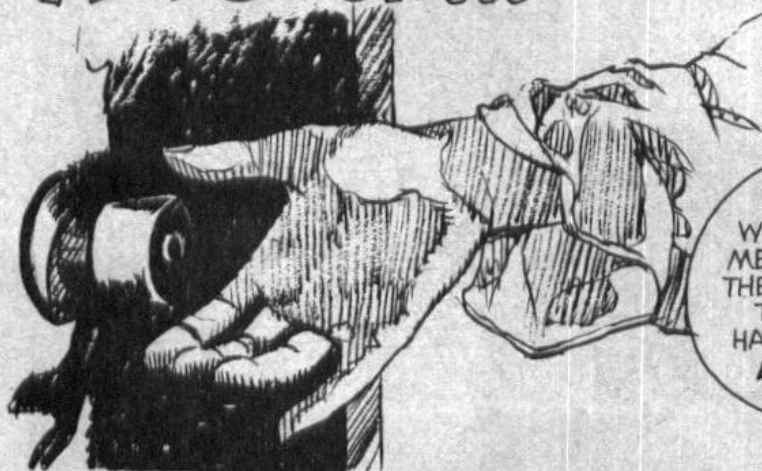


I'VE GOT
TO GET OUT OF
THIS APARTMENT...
AWAY FROM
THESE FAMILIAR
OBJECTS!




CRASH!

"A TOUCH..."



NO! THAT'S
WHAT HE WANTS
ME TO DO, LEAVE
THE APARTMENT...
THEN IT WILL
HAPPEN...ON THE
ELEVATOR...IN
THE CAR...





I'VE GOT TO GET
A GRIP ON MYSELF...
GOT TO THINK THIS
OUT WITH A
RATIONAL MIND!

THERE HAS TO
BE A WAY TO GET
OUT OF HERE WITH-
OUT ALERTING THE
SUGGESTION!

THE PHONE! I'VE
ALREADY USED THAT!
IT CAN'T HARM ME!
MAYBE DAVID IS
BACK NOW...

...YES, OPERATOR,
I WANT TO SPEAK TO
A MR. DAVID RAMSEY AT
EXTENSION 477...

HELLO?...

HELLO?
HELLO? IS
THAT YOU,
KARIN?

YOU WALK TO THE BALCONY, KARIN PAYNE, TAKING YOUR TIME... KNOWING WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO. YOU ARE CALM NOW, RELAXED. AMAZING HOW AN EVERYDAY THING LIKE THE SOUND OF YOUR FIANCE'S VOICE COULD RELAX YOU SO... COULD MAKE YOU SEEK THE COMFORT OF THE COOL EVENING AIR... YOU SMILE AS YOU CLIMB UPON THE LEDGE...



THE BREEZE STIRS A LOCK OF HAIR INTO THE BLACKNESS. HOW CLEVER OF KONAR TO FIND OUT YOU HAD A BALCONY. THIS WAS HIS IDEA OF POETIC JUSTICE. AND HE WAS RIGHT... YOU HAVE NO WILL TO RESIST. YOU LAUGH, THROW YOUR LEGS OVER THE LEDGE... POISE YOURSELVES... AND PUSH! AND YOU ARE GLAD...



GLAD, AS YOU FALL THROUGH SPACE THAT IT IS OVER-- GLAD A MOMENT LATER WHEN DAVID'S STRONG ARMS HELP YOU FROM THE WET LAWN SURROUNDING THE BUILDING...



DARLING, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



GLAD THAT, FOR ALL HIS CLEVERNESS, KONAR FAILED TO NOTICE YOU'D MOVED FROM THE NINETEENTH FLOOR TO THE FIRST... THREE DAYS AGO...



THE END

THERE ARE **MANY** KINDS OF **FIENDS** IN THIS WORLD... THERE IS THE COMMON GARDEN-VARIETY **VAMPIRE**... THERE IS THE **NOT-SO-COMMON WEREWOLF**... THERE ARE MANY WHO ARE SIMPLY **INSANE**... AND THEY **TOO** ARE CALLED **FIENDS**... THEN THERE ARE **GHOSTS, DEVILS, SERPENTS, TROLLS, CREEPS, AND THE UNDEAD**... **THIS STORY** IS ABOUT **NONE** OF **THESE FIENDS**... IT'S ABOUT **ANOTHER, LESSER KNOWN KIND OF FIEND**... YES, THAT'S HIM PICTURED **BELOW!**

HEWETSON AND ROCA

and
if
a
Fiend
should
come
a-callin'...

... AND SO STARTS OUR TALE ...



HEY KID --
C'MERE -- I GOT
SOMETHING FOR
YOU...

LISTEN KID -- I GOT
SOMETHING HERE FOR YOU --
REALLY DOES WEIRD AND
WONDERFUL **THINGS**
TO YOU...

IT'S A **SAMPLE** -- IF YOU **LIKE IT**
I'LL GET YOU **MORE AT A BUCK**
APIECE -- THIS ONE IS **FREE!** **COME**
ON KID -- TRY IT, YOU'LL LIKE IT -- IT'S
CALLED A **GREEN GARGOYLE**...



A GREEN GARGOYLE -- *MMMH* --
SOUNDS LIKE SOME SORT OF...
OH *I* DUNNO -- SOME KIND OF
CANDY OR SOMETHING! A
DOLLAR EACH -- THAT'S
EXPENSIVE! MUST BE PRETTY
GOOD CANDY!



DOESN'T TASTE LIKE
ANYTHING *SPECIAL* -- JUST
LIKE A *MINT*! WELL ANYWAY,
GOTTA GET HOME TO SEE
THAT BALL GAME ON T.V.!



MY HEAD -- SPINNING ROUND --
GETTING *DIZZY*... GOTTA GET HOME --
BEFORE I *KEEL OVER*!



MA -- MY HEAD IS
SPLITTING *WIDE OPEN*
CAN YOU GIVE ME
SOMETHING FOR IT...



THAT...THAT CAN'T
BE MY *MOTHER*...
IT'S SOME KIND OF...
MONSTER! OH MY
HEAD -- CAN'T EVEN
SEE -- EVERYTHING
GOING ROUND IN
CIRCLES...



GOTTA GET
OUTTA HERE SO I
CAN... DAD -- DAD --
WHAT'S HAPPENED...
OH *HELP ME* --
SOMEONE HELP
ME...





NOTHING
MAKES **SENSE** --
EVERYTHING IS
DISTORTED...
MOVING **TOO FAST**
FOR ME...



CAN HARDLY STAND
UP -- GOTTA GO
SOMEWHERE I CAN **LIE**
DOWN AND SLEEP...

...THE **CAVE** --
I'LL GO TO THE OLD
CAVE -- NO ONE THERE --
I CAN GET SOME REST
AND QUIET...



OH THAT FEELS
BETTER -- MUCH
BETTER...

...BUT
I DON'T KNOW WHAT
TO **THINK** -- THAT WEIRD
CANDY -- COULD IT HAVE
BEEN THE **CANDY**?
MAYBE...

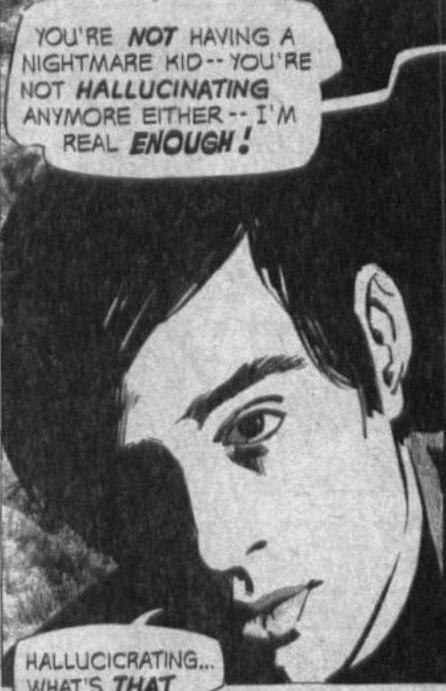


NOT **MAYBE**
KID ... FOR SURE...
IT **WAS** THE
CANDY!!

...HUH?...



OH NO... **ANOTHER**
MONSTER... SOME KIND OF **BIRD**...
HORRIBLE **GREEN** -- IT'S NOT
REAL -- I **KNOW** IT'S NOT REAL --
JUST SOME KIND OF WEIRD
DAYDREAM! THAT'S IT -- IT'S
ONLY A **DREAM** -- I'M REALLY
ASLEEP!



YOU'RE **NOT** HAVING A NIGHTMARE KID-- YOU'RE NOT **HALLUCINATING** ANYMORE EITHER-- I'M REAL **ENOUGH!**

HALLUCINATING... WHAT'S **THAT** MEAN?

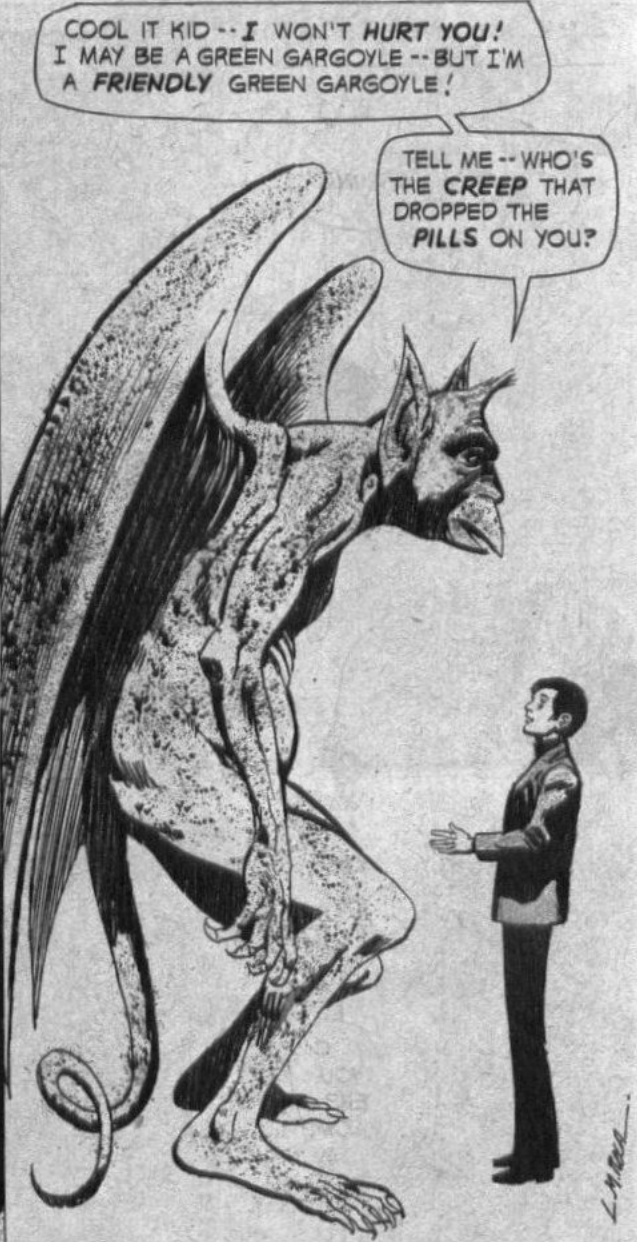
PILLS? I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

THE **CANDY** KID-- WHO GAVE YOU THE **WEIRD CANDY?**




IT MEANS I'M **REAL--**

THEN IF YOU'RE REAL THAT MEANS...



COOL IT KID-- I WON'T **HURT YOU!** I MAY BE A GREEN GARGOYLE-- BUT I'M A **FRIENDLY** GREEN GARGOYLE!


TELL ME-- WHO'S THE **CREEP** THAT DROPPED THE **PILLS** ON YOU?



OH-- THE **CANDY--** SOME GUY AT **SCHOOL...**

HE CAME AROUND TODAY AFTER SCHOOL-- GAVE A BUNCH OF US '**SAMPLES**' TO TRY-- IF WE LIKED 'EM IT'D COST US A DOLLAR TO GET **MORE!**

OH GEEZ-- IT'S NOT **BAD** ENOUGH THEY GOTTA PEDdle THE STUFF TO **SCREWED-UP ADULTS...** NOW THEY GOTTA **SHOVE IT DOWN** THE **THROATS** OF **NAIVE CHILDREN...**



LISTEN KID-- THAT'S THE GUY THAT'S MAKING YOU **SICK--** YOU WANT TO **GET EVEN?**

WELL OF **COURSE--** HE SPLIT MY HEAD **WIDE OPEN...**

OKAY KID-- NOW **LISTEN--** HERE'S WHAT YOU CAN **DO...**

SOMETIME LATER THAT SAME DAY --

HEY MISTER --
I'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR YOU ...

KEEP YOUR VOICE
DOWN KID -- ARE
YOU OUT OF YOUR
MIND?

NOT AT THE
MOMENT -- NO --
BUT A LITTLE
WHILE AGO I
WAS ...

OH YEH?
YOU **LIKED** IT
EH? YOU WANT
SOME **MORE**
MAYBE?

YEH I WANT
SOME MORE...
SO DOES A
FRIEND OF
MINE...

A FRIEND -- HEY
WHAT IS THIS ...

YOU GAVE ME **TWO**
PILLS -- I GAVE **ONE** OF 'EM
TO A FRIEND AT ANOTHER SCHOOL --
HE WANTS TO SEE YOU, MAYBE
HELP YOU SET UP THERE
TOO!

I DUNNO
KID...

I'M TELLING
YOU THE **TRUTH**--
HE WANTS TO
SET YOU UP...

OKAY KID --
LET'S GO...

NOT RIGHT **NOW**--
YOU FINISH YOUR
COFFEE -- IT'LL BE
DARK IN HALF AN
HOUR -- YOU CAN
MEET US IN THE
PARK ...

YOU'RE TURNING
INTO A REGULAR JAMES
BOND AREN'T YOU...

OKAY -- SEE
YOU **LATER**...



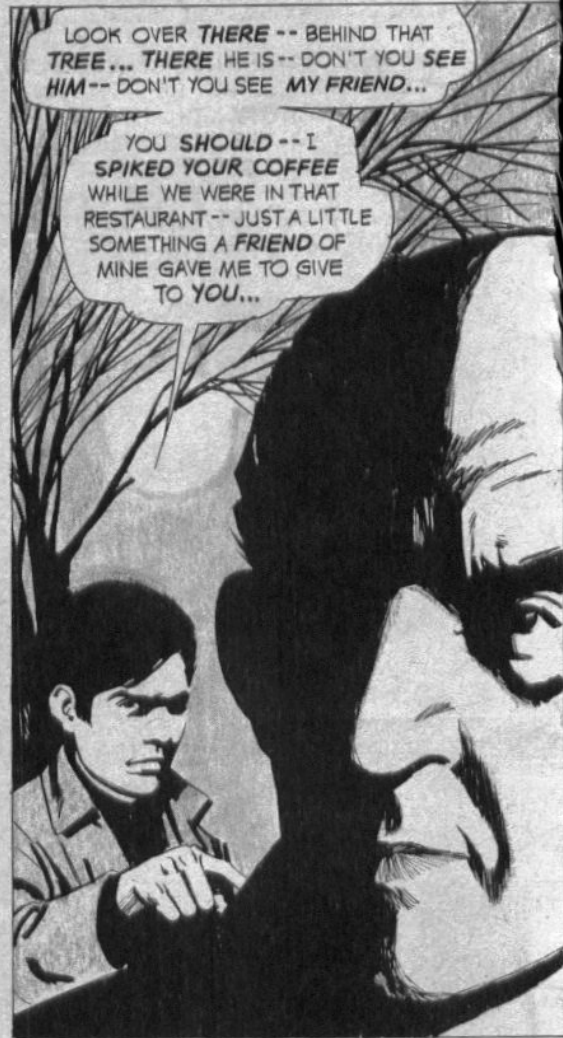
WHERE'S
YOUR
FRIEND
KID?...

HE'S HERE...
DON'T YOU
SEE HIM?...



WHAT KINDA STUNT
IS THIS KID... THERE'S
NO ONE ELSE AROUND...

YOU
WANNA BET
MISTER?



LOOK OVER **THERE** -- BEHIND THAT
TREE... THERE HE IS -- DON'T YOU SEE
HIM -- DON'T YOU SEE **MY FRIEND**...

YOU SHOULD -- I
SPIKED YOUR COFFEE
WHILE WE WERE IN THAT
RESTAURANT -- JUST A LITTLE
SOMETHING A **FRIEND** OF
MINE GAVE ME TO GIVE
TO YOU...



THERE HE IS -- I CAN TELL BY THE
EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE THAT YOU
SEE HIM TOO... HIS EYES... HIS WEIRD
EYES SHINING BEHIND THAT **TREE**...

HE'S
COMING
OUT TO SAY
HELLO --



MISTER -- SAY HELLO TO MY FRIEND --

---THE **FLUORESCENT FIEND**!

NOW YOU SEE HIM -- NOW YOU DON'T! THAT'S THE **PROBLEM** WITH
DRUGS -- ONE MINUTE YOU **KNOW** WHERE YOU'RE AT -- THE NEXT YOU
DON'T... AND IF A **FIEND** SHOULD COME A-CALLIN' -- YOU REALLY **SHOULD**
KNOW WHERE YOU'RE AT...

THERE IS A **TIME** AND A **PLACE** FOR **EVERYTHING**... THEY SAY... THE **TIME** FOR THIS IS **NOW**... THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY IN THE **PLACE** CALLED OKKUWU JUST OFF THE COAST OF **JAPAN**... AND IF THE SCENE STRIKES YOU AS BEING JUST A LITTLE BIT **MAD** IT'S BECAUSE IT **IS** MAD...

HEWETSON AND SOSTRES

GOOD GOD... CAN THESE CREATURES BE FROM SOME BIZARRE RACE OF SPACESPAWN...

...OR CAN THEY BE OF **THIS** EARTH...

HOW CAN I BATTLE THEM P... ONE MAN... AGAINST A **HORDE** FROM **MAD-HELL**...

...BUT I **MUST**...

...AND I MUST DO IT **NOW**... OR TOMORROW **THE EARTH WILL DIE!**

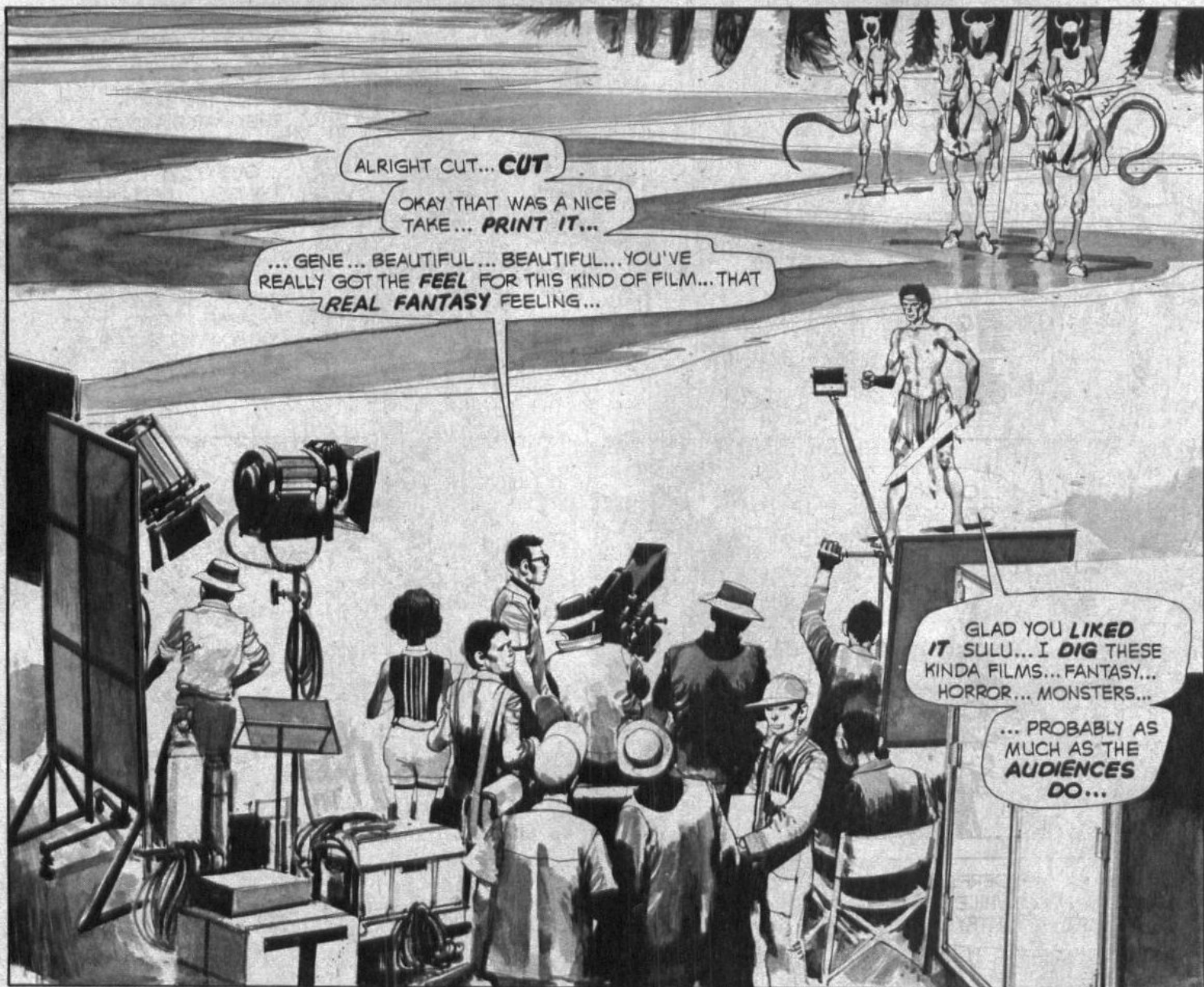
FERRAN SOSTRES

CONSIDER THIS **SIMPLE OBSERVATION** IF YOU WILL... 'THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS AS THEY **APPEAR TO BE**'...

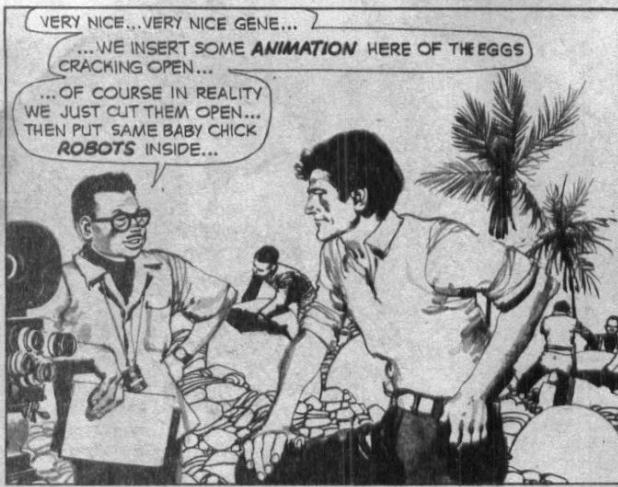
...THERE IS A **MEANING** TO EVERYTHING ON THIS GROTESQUE GLOBE -- AND ALTHOUGH THE MEANING TO **THIS** MAY NOW SEEM OBSCURE TO YOU -- IT WILL **SHORTLY** BE MADE **CLEAR**...

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

the day the earth will die!



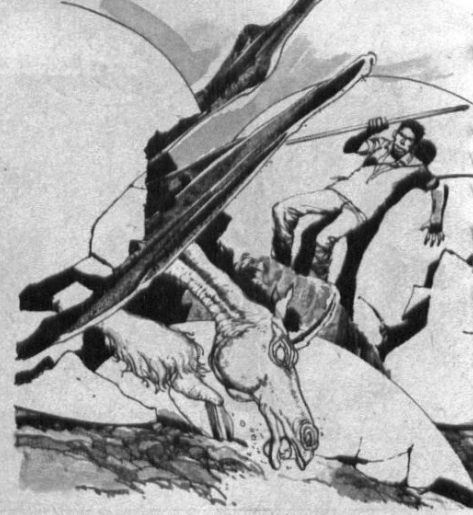




VERY NICE...VERY NICE GENE...

...WE INSERT SOME **ANIMATION** HERE OF THE EGGS CRACKING OPEN...

...OF COURSE IN REALITY WE JUST CUT THEM OPEN... THEN PUT SAME BABY CHICK **ROBOTS** INSIDE...



GOOD GOD!

WHAT IS THIS... SOME SORTA **GAG**... WHOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS...

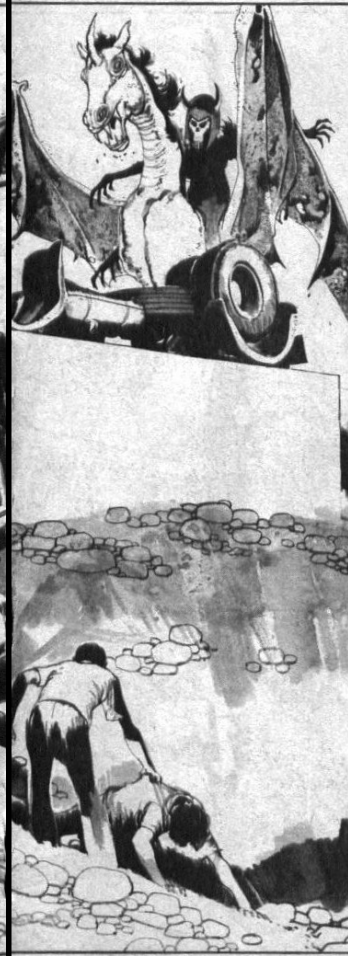
IT'S NOT A **GAG** SIR... ...THOSE THINGS ARE FOR **REAL**!



GET THAT EQUIPMENT OUTTA HERE... IT'S WORTH A **FORTUNE**...

I DON'T THINK ANYONE'S GONNA PAY THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF ATTENTION SULLU... THEY'RE TOO BUSY **RUNNING**!

WHAT THE HELL FOR?... THIS IS JUST SOME KINDA **GAG**... AND SOMEBODY IS GONNA PAY FOR IT... WITH HIS JOB AND HIS **CAREER**...



GOD SULLU... IT AIN'T NO **GAG**...

...THE THINGS ARE RUNNING **AMUCK**... THAT MAN IS REALLY **INJURED**...

IT'S LIKE IN THE MOVIE... EXACTLY LIKE IN THE MOVIE...IT CAN'T BE POSSIBLE... IT'S ONLY SCIENCE FICTION...

...IT CAN'T **REALLY** HAPPEN... **NOT** IN **REAL** LIFE!

INDEED IT **CAN**... THE **REASON** WE DO NOT YET KNOW... BUT PERHAPS, IT WILL BE GIVEN TO US SHORTLY... FOR THE MOMENT GENTLEMEN... THERE IS ONLY **ONE** THING TO DO...
...**RUN LIKE HELL**!

CHECK CHIEF... THERE ARE
CONTROLS ON THE BACK OF THE
NECK IF I REMEMBER ...

... SHOULD
BE EASY ENOUGH
TO GET TO
THEM...

BE CAREFUL...
SOMEONE **ELSE**
MUST BE
CONTROLLING
THESE THINGS...

... BUT. IF THEY'RE
ROBOTS... THEY CAN
BE CONTROLLED...

...MADE IT...

...NOW IF I CAN
ONLY **REACH** THE
CONTROLS...

OH GOD... IT BUCKED
HIM RIGHT OFF INTO THE
OTHER ONE'S **PATH...**

SULU...
YOU NOTICE
SOMETHING
STRANGE ABOUT
THEM...

...I DUNNO IF I'M
LOSING MY **MIND**...
BUT THEY LOOK AS IF
THEY'RE **GROWING**
FOR GOD'S SAKE...

**...REALLY
BLOODY
GROWING**

THIS HAS GONE TOO **FAR... CRAZY**
AS THIS MAY **SOUND...** I'M GOING TO
DO THE SAME THING AS
WE DO IN OUR MOVIES...

...I'M GOING TO
CALL IN THE
ARMY!

ЕЕЕЕАААААААН



HOW'S IT **POSSIBLE**...
THEY'RE FIRING AT THEM FROM
ALL DIRECTIONS AND **NOTHING**
IS HAPPENING...

IF I DIDN'T
HAVE A COLD SWEAT ALL
OVER ME I'D SWEAR I
WAS HAVING A
NIGHTMARE...

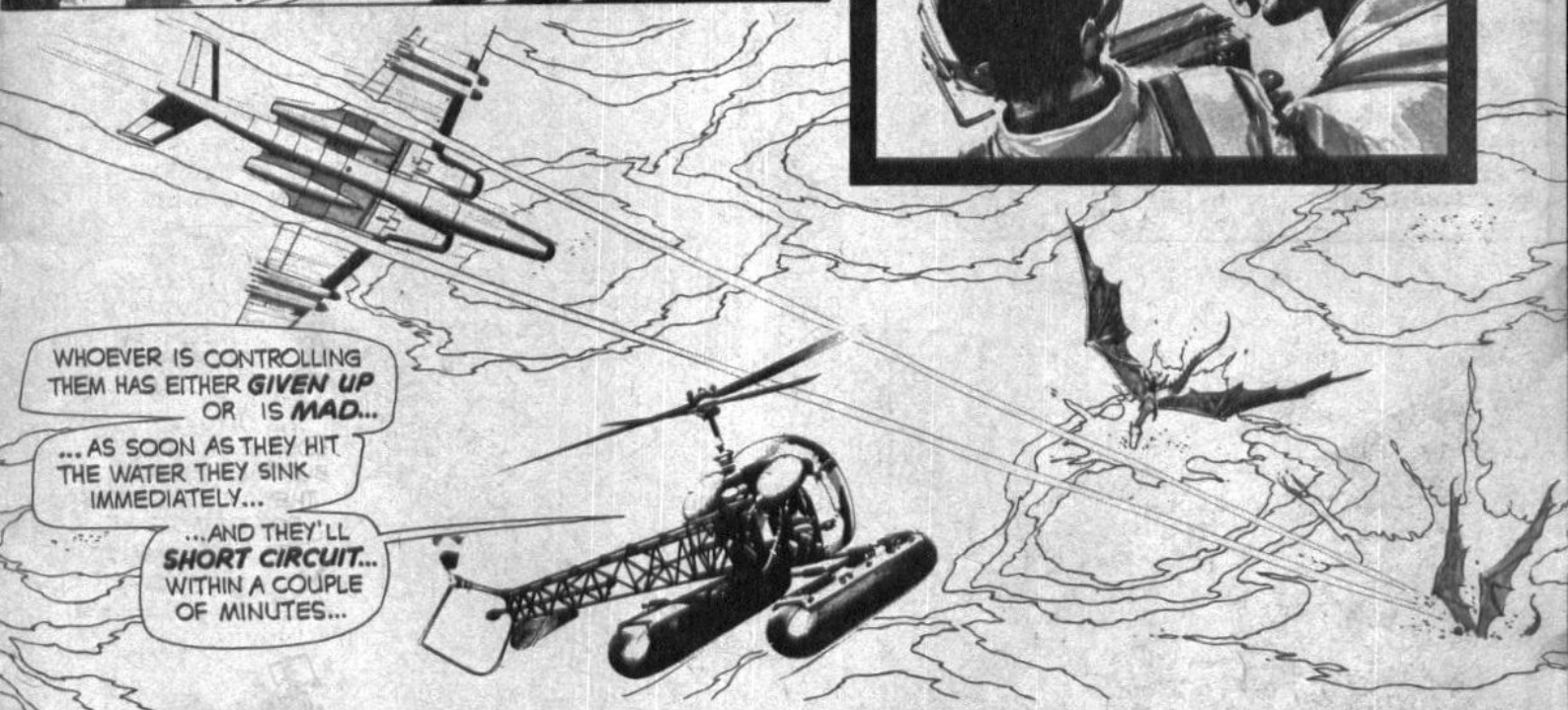
... BUT I'M NOT... BY GOD... THIS
IS **REAL**... IT'S RIGHT OUT OF
ONE OF OUR OWN MOVIE
PLOTS...



THANK GOD WE'RE ON A SMALL ISLAND... IF
NECESSARY WE CAN BLOW THEM TO KINGDOM
COME WITH EXPLOSIVES...

... WAIT A MINUTE ... THEY'RE HEADING
FOR THE OCEAN ...

MOVING LIKE THEY HAVE
MINDS OF THEIR **OWN**!



WHOEVER IS CONTROLLING
THEM HAS EITHER **GIVEN UP**
OR IS **MAD**...

... AS SOON AS THEY HIT
THE WATER THEY SINK
IMMEDIATELY...

... AND THEY'LL
SHORT CIRCUIT...
WITHIN A COUPLE
OF MINUTES...



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT **THAT**... YOU TELL ME
HOW A ROBOT BIRD-BEAST CAN **GROW** AND
THEN I'LL BELIEVE YOUR SHORT-CIRCUIT
THEORY...

THEY'RE
DISAPPEARING...
ALL OF THEM...

THANK
GOD FOR LARGE
FAVORS...

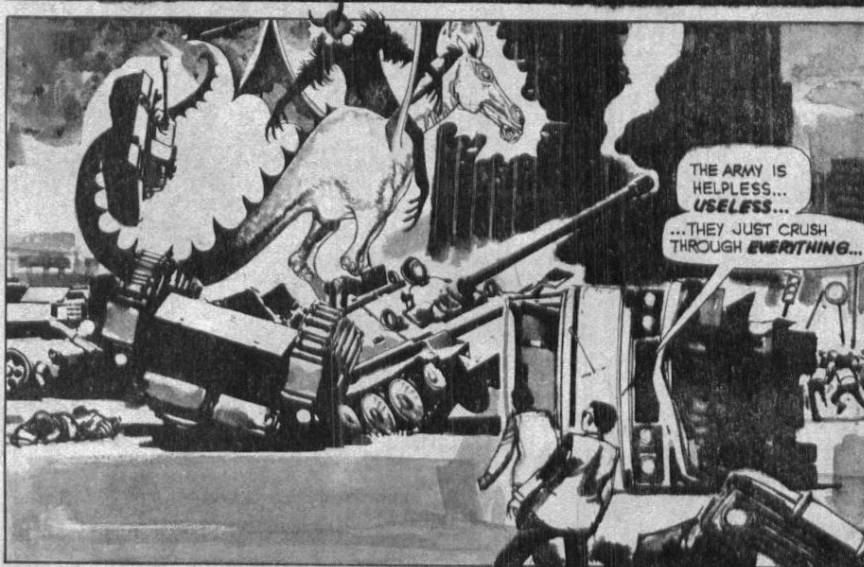


THE ARMY HAVE DECIDED TO
KEEP IT FROM THE PRESS... IF
THEY EVER GET WIND OF IT
IT'LL CREATE MASS PANIC...

... EVEN IF THE CREATURES
HAVE NON-ACTIVATED
THEMSELVES... PEOPLE
WILL START TO...

... THAT
NOISE...
... FROM THE
DOCKFRONT...

IF YOU ARE NOW BEGINNING TO WONDER IF THIS MADNESS HAS A RHYME OR REASON TO IT YOU ARE NOT **ALONE**... AT LEAST TWO MEN... WHO NOW STAND BY **IDLY** AS MANY ARE WOUNDED AND **KILLED**... ALSO WONDER **WITH YOU**... HOW THIS FITS INTO THE SCHEME OF SANITY IN THIS WORLD...



THE ARMY IS
HELPLESS...
USELESS...
...THEY JUST CRUSH
THROUGH **EVERYTHING**...



GENE... THOSE
THINGS ARE NO MORE
MY ROBOT-MONSTERS
THAN THEY ARE **YOURS**...

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN...
THERE IS A **LUNACY** BEHIND THIS
THAT BEGGARS DEFINITION...

...I DON'T KNOW WHAT EXACTLY IT IS...
BUT YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE NO **SANE**
MIND IS BEHIND ALL THIS
SENSELESS MURDER AND
SLAUGHTER...



AND WHY?... MAYBE
GOD KNOWS... **WE**
DON'T...

...THERE'S A LINE
I HAD IN THE MOVIE
THAT **FITS** WHAT
IS HAPPENING...



I KNOW THE ONE
YOU MEAN...

...THESE THINGS MUST
BE BATTLED **NOW**... OR
TOMORROW IT WILL BE
TOO LATE... TOMORROW
THE EARTH WILL
DIE!

CUT!

WELL **THAT** SHOULD
DO IT...

...NICE FILM...NICE AND
TIGHT... LOTS OF NICE
ACTION SCENES...
YEP...OVERALL I'D SAY
THAT WAS A **NICE**
REEL OF FILM...



WHAT'S
NEXT?

ANOTHER LOW-BUDGET
HORROR FLICK?..OR
ARE YOU GONNA TRY FOR
A RE-MAKE OF THE
18 COMMANDMENTS?..

...NAW...BEEN DONE **TOO MANY TIMES...**

...I HEARD TELL OF A LITTLE PLANET SOMEWHERE WAY
OUT IN **UFQUAR EXIT ZONE...** THEY HAVE THIS
PRE-OCCUPATION WITH **DOGS AND CATS...** EVERYBODY
IS **SCARED** OF THEM... MAYBE WE CAN FOCUS
OUR RADAR MAJOR **LENSES** IN ON THEM FOR
AWHILE... SEND THEM IN A BATCH OF **DOGS AND**
CATS LIKE WE SENT THE
FAKE ROBOT-BEASTS
TO EARTH... STIR UP
SOME **TROUBLE...** IF
ANYTHING **WORTHWILE**
HAPPENS WE'LL SHOOT
A **FEW REELS...**

WHAT ABOUT THE
EARTHLINGS...
YOU GOING
TO SEND A
SHIP TO
PICH UP THE
'BEASTS'?

...**NO...** IT'D JUST
BE A **WASTE...** THE
EARTHLINGS WILL **FIGURE**
OUT A WAY TO CONQUER
THEM...

...**THEY ALWAYS DO...**
DON'T THEY?...



GROTESQUE 'GRATULATIONS TO WINNER **LEE GROEBNER** OF NEW ULM, MINNESOTA, WHO'S NAME WAS RECENTLY PICKED BY PARANOIC PABLO MARCOS AND ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON FROM THOUSANDS OF ENTRIES...WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER ART GIVE-AWAY CONTEST SOON...BE ON THE WATCH...AND ANYBODY WANTING TO SEE WHAT THE DRAW *REALLY* LOOKED LIKE MIGHT WANT TO CHECK THE LETTERS PAGE OF **NIGHTMARE #9** FOR A PATHETIC PHOTO...



HORROR MOOD

AS THE
WATERS RUSHED
INTO THE CABIN AND
CARVED LONGS GRIEVED
FOR AIR...

I COULD
DO NOTHING
BUT SCREAM
AND SCREAM
AND SCREAM
AS THE
HORRIBLE HANDS TO
WELCOME HANDS TO
WELCOME HANDS TO
LUNCH ARE

LOOK INSIDE THE
MOST BIZARRE PRACTICES
ON THIS GROTESQUE
GREY EARTH IN--
THE **MACABRE
FACTS OF
LIFE!**



... AND IN FUTURE REGULAR ISSUES OF NIGHTMARE, AND OUR CRIPPLED COMPANION TITLE PSYCHO, WARILY AWAIT! **GHASTLY REUNION, THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN, THE PRINCESS OF EARTH, A BAG OF FLEAS, FUNERAL BARGE, TITAN WEEP, RAYINGS OF THE DAMNED, HORROR TUB, AND THE MANIACAL STORY OF MADNESS**

AS
SHOWN
AT
RIGHT..

**AT
MIND'S
EDGE!**

PHASE ONE
OF THE
**HORROR-
MOOD!**

R.I.P

